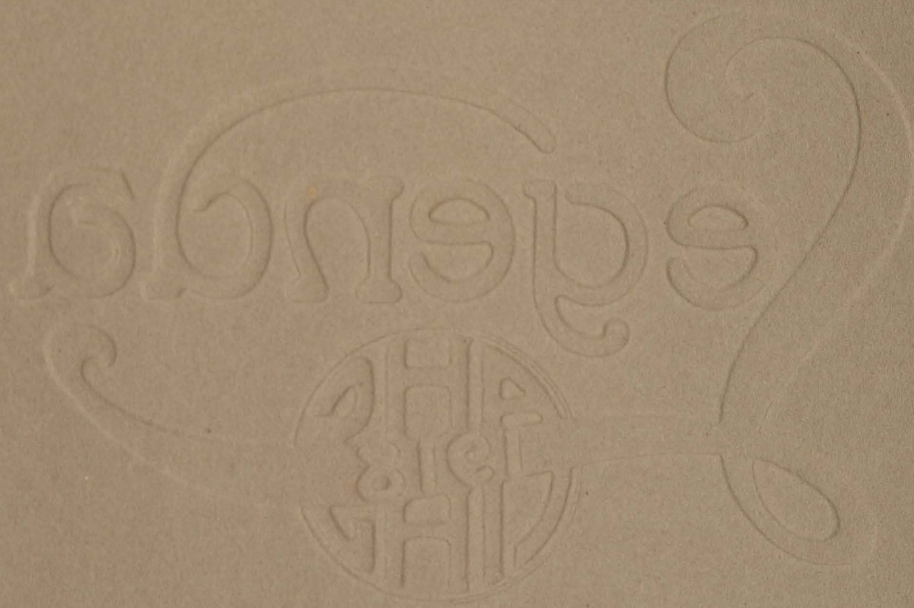


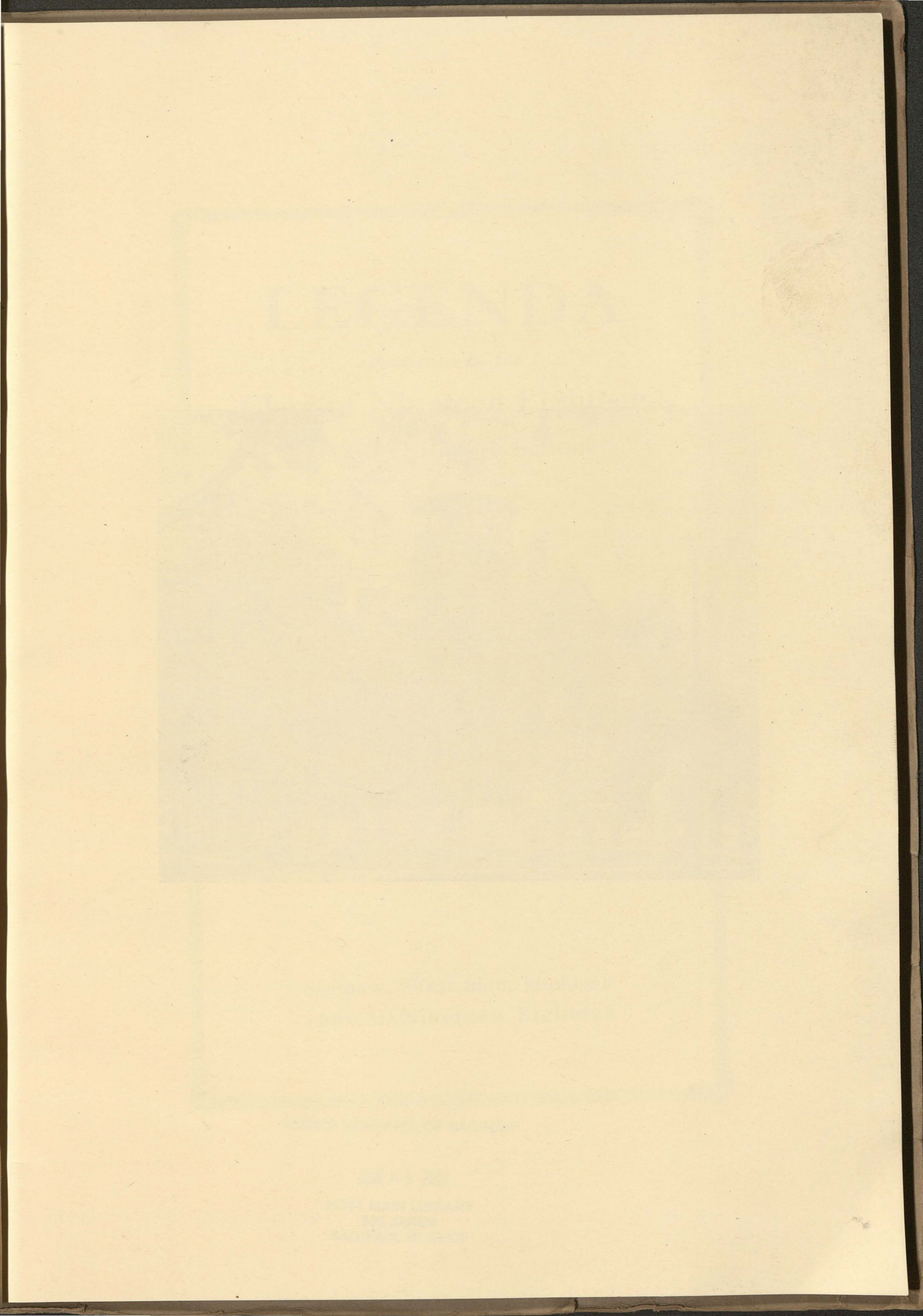
Legenda

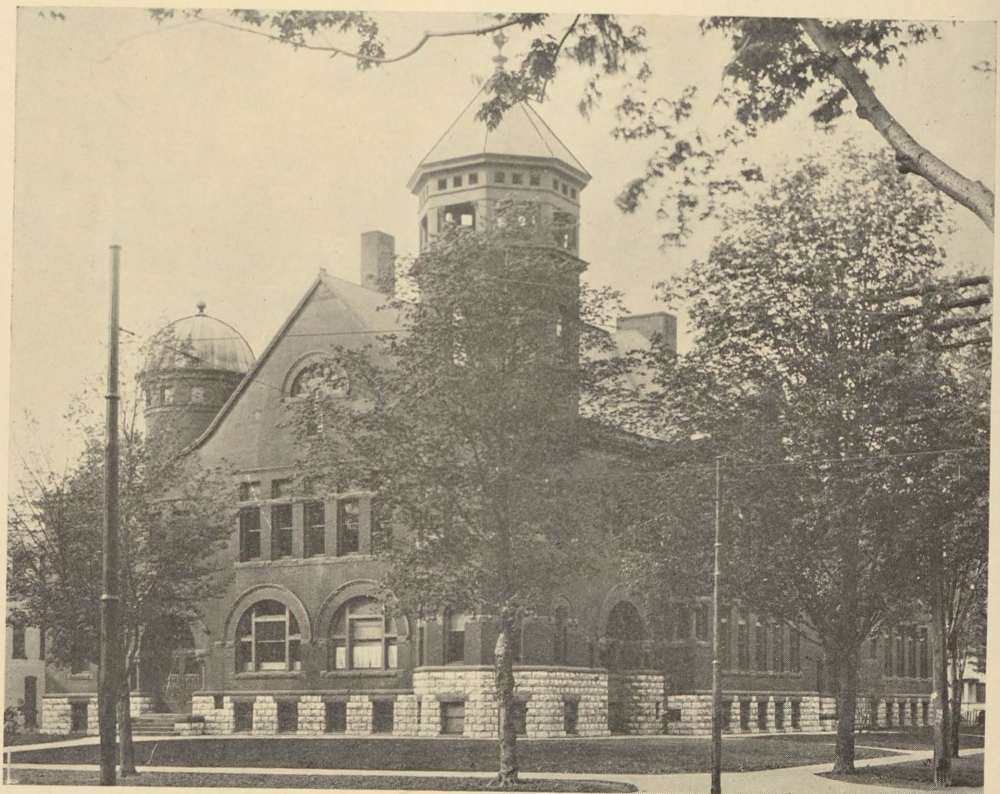
A circular logo is positioned below the word "Legenda". It contains the year "1918" in the center, surrounded by stylized, blocky letters that appear to be "H" and "A" arranged in a circular pattern.

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THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

1880-1881
St. Paul, Minn.
Rev. J. H. H. H.

LEGENDA

Published by the
Class of Nineteen Eighteen
Arthur Hill High School



Saginaw, West Side, Michigan
June :: Nineteen Eighteen

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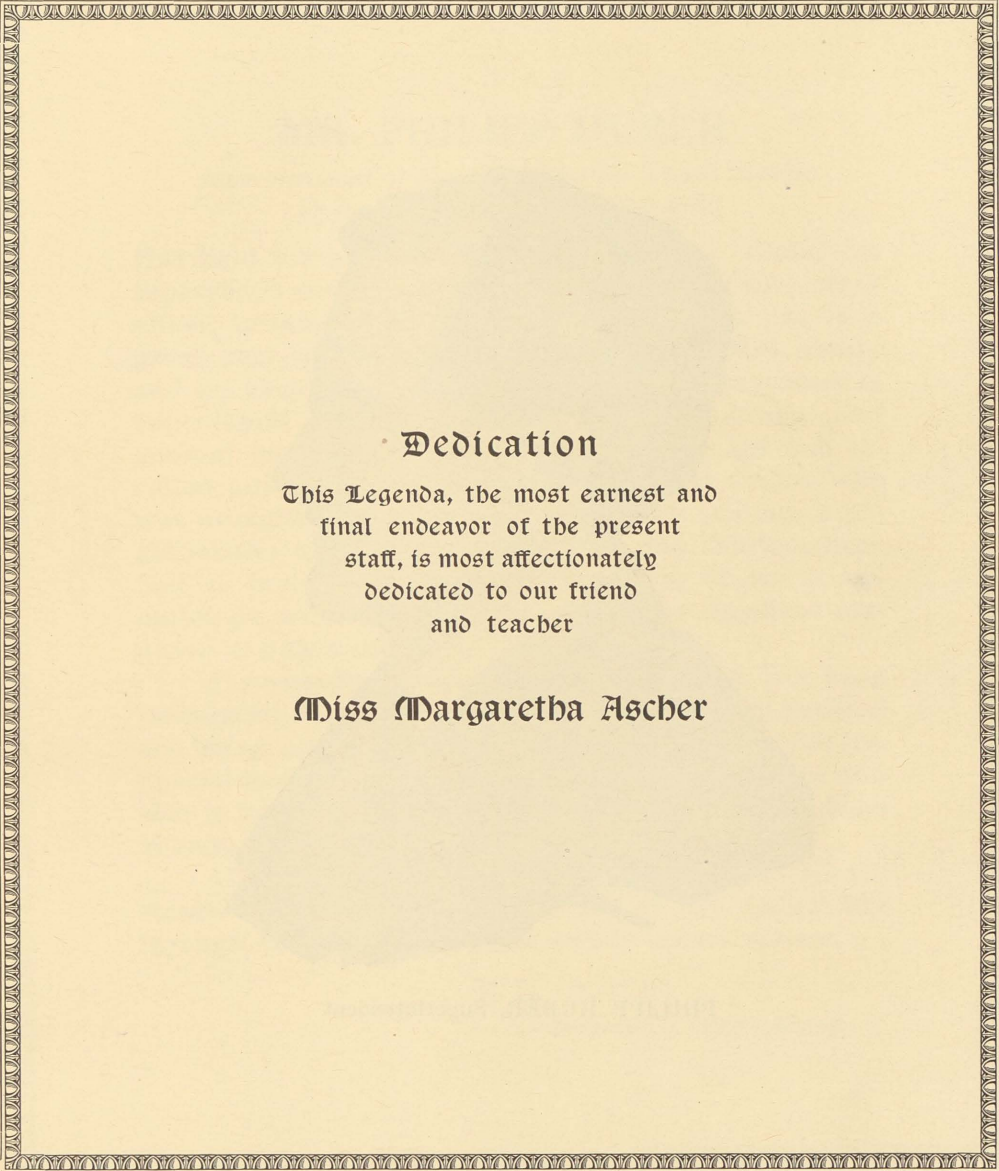
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Dedication

This Legenda, the most earnest and
final endeavor of the present
staff, is most affectionately
dedicated to our friend
and teacher

Miss Margaretha Ascher



PHILIPP HUBER, Superintendent

MR. PHILIPP HUBER

*Superintendent of Schools of Union School District
of the City of Saginaw, West Side*

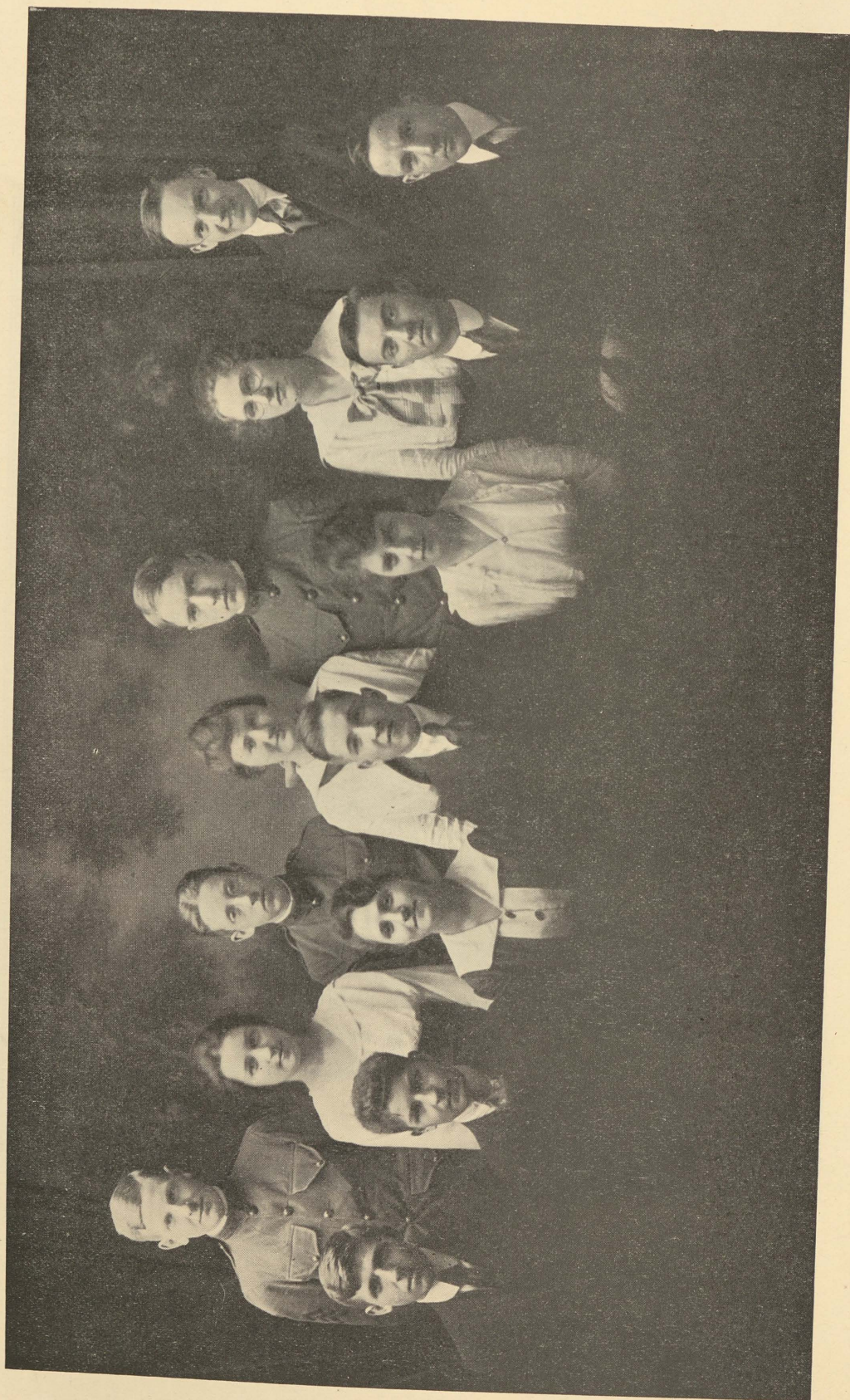
Has held his present office fifteen years. Under his supervision our schools have held high rank with other school systems of the state. This has been due in a great part to Mr. Huber's excellent executive ability and his constant effort to keep abreast of the times in educational matters. The sanitary conditions and general neatness of our school buildings are not excelled anywhere. Even Caroline Bartlett Crane, who was brought here for a week's work by our municipal authorities to point out our defects and shortcomings, had no fault to find with the condition of our school buildings, but rather gave praise for the excellent condition in which she found them.

A successful system of school savings has been introduced in the schools in recent years, school gardens are being planned on a larger scale than ever before. Special instruction in regard to War Saving Stamps and also in regard to food conservation has recently been introduced.

All this indicates that the Superintendent is constantly looking after the interests of the community through the efficiency of the public school system.

E. E. CURTIS,

President of School Board.



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JENNIE DEMBENSKI }Class Will

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MARGARET BROWNJuniors
FREDERICK CASESophomores
EBEN GRAVESFreshmen

ARTISTS

ARTHUR BRAND

JOYCE NIXON



Miss Vanderhoof		Miss Ascher	Mr. Allen
Miss Davis	Miss Clemens	Miss Boyle	Miss Schlach
	Mr. Ralya	Mr. Lange	Miss Nash
Miss Morgan	Miss Keating	Miss Steere	Miss Post
Miss Franklin	Miss Wells	Miss Coney	Miss Foran

Foreword

The Legenda of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen is before you. In it we have tried to record the events of our high school life. To the many whose enthusiastic support and coöperation have made this undertaking possible, we wish to give our heartiest thanks. We realize that we have not attained perfection, but the book as it now stands represents our earnest and final efforts.

In harmony with the spirit of the times, the class of Eighteen has eliminated profiteering in the Legenda. It decided that the Legenda is a book published by the Senior class for the benefit of the school, and, endeavoring to establish a precedent, it placed the responsibility in the hands of the Legenda Board. The Board and Staff have freely and cheerfully given their time and effort to make this Legenda surpass all previous efforts, and it is their wish that any profits therefrom be given to the Josephine Johnson Memorial Fund or be devoted to a worthy cause for the students of Arthur Hill High School.

THE LEGENDA BOARD.



GEORGE LORD BURROWS, President
GEORGE A. SCHEMM, Treasurer LISLE K. McKAY, Secretary
HUGHFERD GEISEL, Vice-President

ARNDT, HERBERT

"Hub"

"Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best."

BAUER, ROBERT

"Bub"

"In him manners are more expressive than
words."

BURROWS, GEORGE LORD

"Doy"

"A noble lord, in nature as in name."

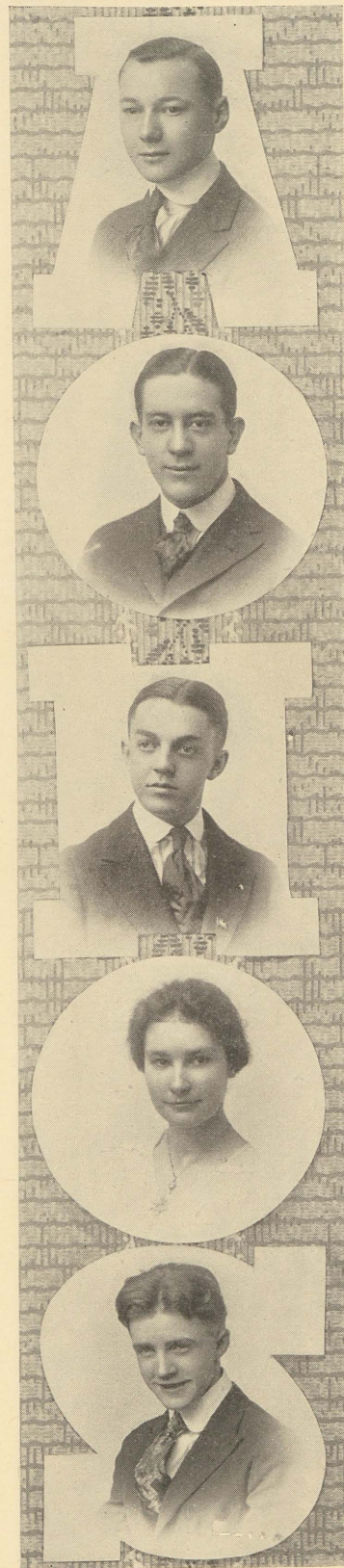
CARMICHAEL, HAZEL

"Eternity is in her lips and eyes."

CASE, MERRIL

"Casey"

"His is a name in great men's fellowship."





DEMBENSKI, JENNIE

"Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before her always bright.

EDWARDS, ELLA

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her
eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love."

ELLIOTT, EVELYN

"Sis"

"O well divided disposition."

ENZER, GRACE

"So well to know her own, that what she
wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuouest, discreetest, best."

FRANC, JOSEPHINE

"Jossie"

"Whose virtue, and whose general graces,
Speak that which none else can utter."

FRIEDLIN, ELIZABETH

"Beth"

"An angel might have stooped to see,
And blessed her for her purity."



GARNER, SARAH

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn."



GELOW, ESTHER

"A noble type of good heroic girlhood."



GIES, ETHEL

"A little body doth often harbor a great soul"

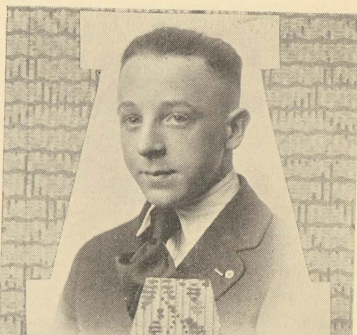


GIESEL, HUGHFERD

"Parson"

"The friend of all his fellows. May he live
forever."

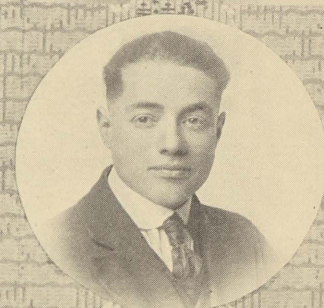




GILLEN, JOHN

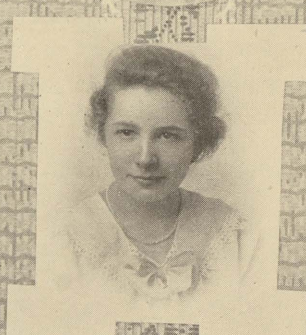
"Jack"

"He was disposed to mirth."



GOODING, PERRY

"A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."



GOODROW, HELENE

"A sweet and virtuous soul."



GRAEBNER, CLARENCE

"Hans"

"We like him highly."



HERRIG, MARJORIE

"Midge"

"She has a smile that glows celestial roses—
loves proper hue."

HOUCH, HARRY

"Thy gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds."

HOOD, CLARENCE

"He wears the rose of youth upon him; from which the world should note something particular."

HOUVENOR, LANGDON

"Jimmie"

"I can do nothing but what in deed is honest to be done."

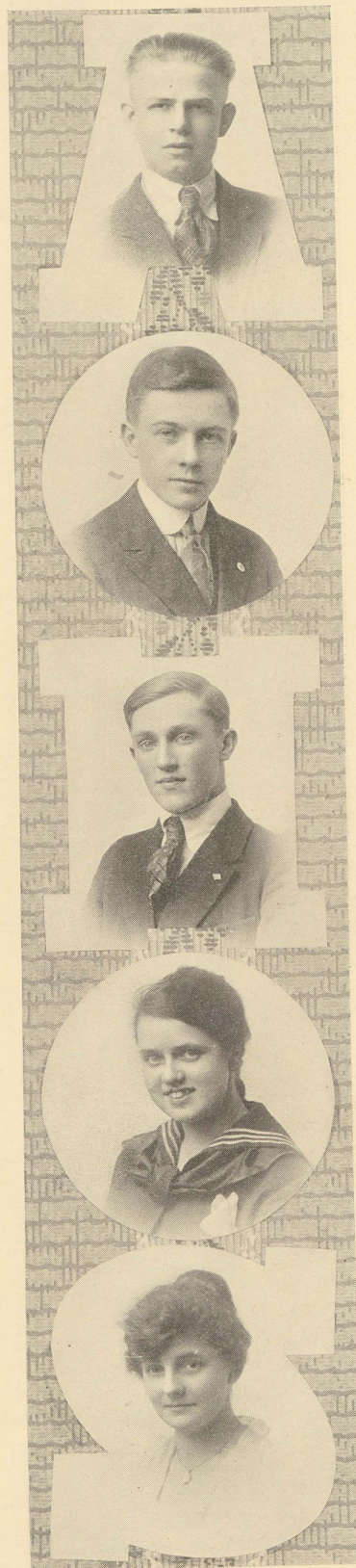
JOHNSON, IRMA

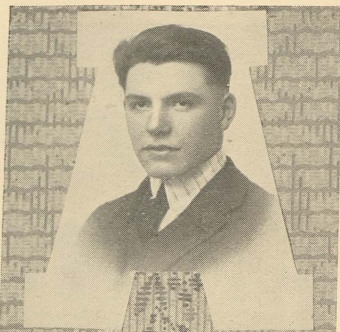
"I would you had her spirit."

KEMPSTER, FAY

"Fayness"

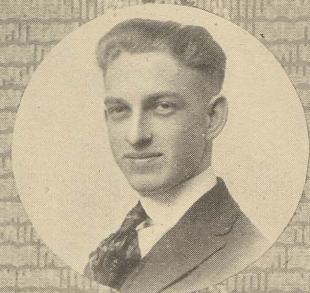
"She's a most triumphant lady."





KENNEDY, TED

"Take but good note and you shall see in him
the triple pillar of the world."



KUMBIER, CHRISTIE

"Chris"

"He knows every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain."



LaFLAIR, NINA

"Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes."



LANGE, RICHARD

"Dick"

"Joy rises in me, like the summer's morn."



LAW, R. DALE

"I say just what I think, nothing more or
less."

LOEFFLER, LUCY

"Her speech and gestures, form and face,
Show she has come of gentle race."

LORENZEN, TENA

"Katinka"

"Her easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court."

MARTZOWKA, CHARLES

"Chuck"

"Great thoughts, great feelings, come to him,
Like instincts, unawares."

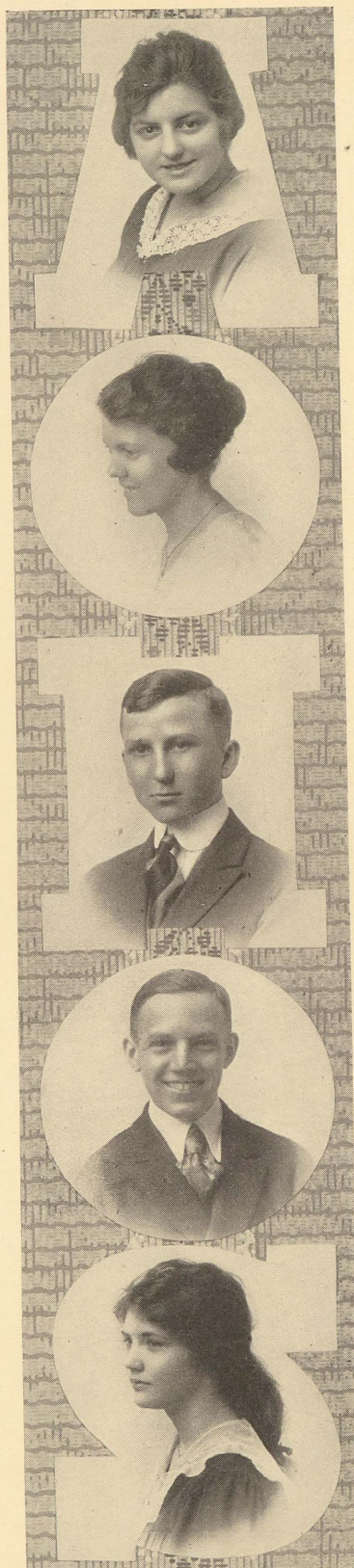
McKAY, LISLE

"Mac"

"I am not only witty in myself, but the
cause that wit is in other men."

McPEAK, HELEN

"Whose beauty claims no worse a husband
than the best of men."





MILLER, EDNA

"The crimson glow of modesty o'erspreads
her cheek and gives new luster to her
charm."

NEEDHAM, EVELYN

"Eva"

"Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice."

NELSON, JULIA

"Culture is a passion for sweetness in life."

OLSEN, OSCAR

"Swede"

"His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold."

PECKOVER, HELEN

"Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face."

REDMOND, DORIS

"Those graceful acts, that daily flow from
all her words and actions."

RICE, ARTHUR

"Art"

"His ready speech flows fair and free
In phrase of gentlest courtesy."

RICHTER, ALFRED

"Ick"

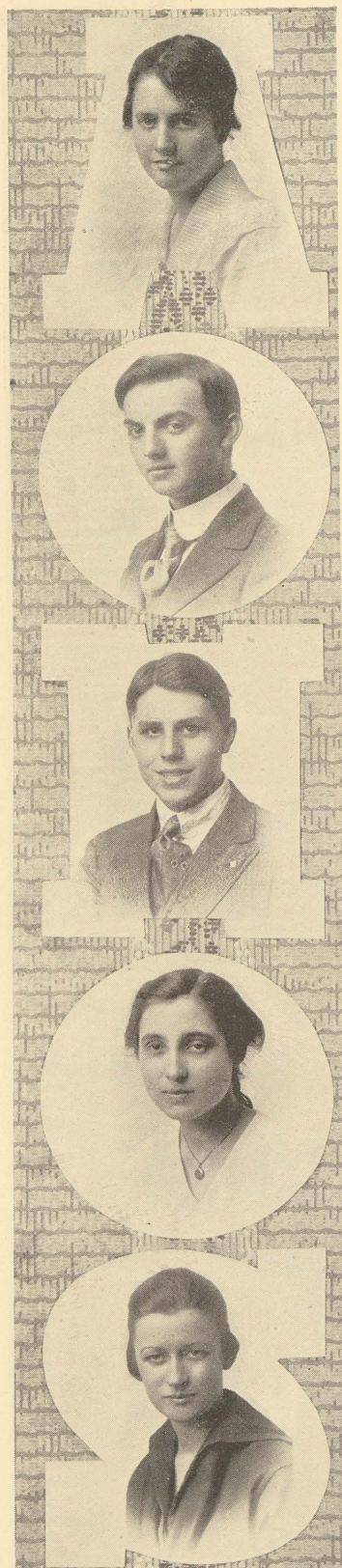
"I am the man
Will give thee all the world."

RICHTER, ETHEL

"A girl with a life purpose all her own."

ROBY, ANNE SHELDON

"Whom everything becomes; to chide, to
laugh, to weep; whose every passion
fully strives to make itself in thee, fair
and admired."





RUSSELL, ESTHER

"O spirit gay and kindly heart,
Precious the blessing ye impart."

SCHEMM, GEORGE

"Wash"

"Let the world see his nobleness well acted."

SCHUMACKER, HELEN

"She is just the quiet kind whose nature
never wanes."

SHOBERTH, KATHERINE

"Kate"

"Let all the number of the stars give light
to thy fair way."

SMITH, EDWINA

"Beno"

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

SMITH, BEECHER

"Beech"

"His faults in him seem
As the spots of heaven."

SPARKS, ANTON

"Tony"

"There's honesty, manhood, and good fellow-
ship in thee."

STEARNS, PHYLLIS

"Phil"

"The lilies faintly to the roses yield
As on thy lovely cheek, they struggling
vie."

STICKNEY, DAVID

"Dave"

"A man not perfect, but of heart so high,
that even his hopes become a part of
earth's eternal heritage."

STRIMBECK, GEORGE

"Stringbeans"

"That's thy spirit which keeps thee,
'Tis noble, courageous, high, unmatchable."





SWAN, ALBERTA

"Bert"

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of thy great
heart."



TRIER, JOHN

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none."



TRIM, JESSIE

"Virtuous and wise was she."



VOGT, CARL

"He knows what's what, and that's as high
as metaphysic wit can fly."



WARTENBERG, EDNA

"Ed"

"So shall you share all that she doth possess."

Class Poem

Herbert Arndt will win renown
With Barnum and Bailey as a clown.
George Burrows, our President is he,
Some day a great politician he'll be.
Robert Bauer, the laughing joke,
Camels and chewing gum make him broke.
Hazel Carmichael is a shorthand shark,
I believe she could read it in the dark.
Merrill Case, who with Ruth rambles,
Is always seen smoking Camels.
Jennie Dembinski you never can balk,
She surely can make a piano talk.
Ella Edwards, we know her well,
A word from her sure casts a spell.
Evelyn Elliot, yes, each day
Cheers us with her spirit gay.
Grace Enzer is a beauty rare,
With laughing eyes and flying hair.
Josephine France is a sweet little girl
With bright blue eyes and golden curls,
So truthful, happy and kind is she
No one with her can lonely be.
Elizabeth Freidlein, so others say,
Is joyous and cheerful in her way.
Though his name may be John D.,
A millionaire he'll never be.
This little girl is Sarah by name,
Gifted with beauty, but not a bit vain.
Perry Gooding we often see
Leading the meeting at C. E.
H. H. is not so very slow
When he doth call on Miss Gelow.
Ethel Gies, so we surmise,
Some day in society will rise.
Pretty white teeth, and hair just so,
Makes attractive Helene Goodrow.
Hughferd A. Giesel is never too busy
To take a long walk with dear little Lizzie.
Clarence Graebner, so they say,
Goes a courting night and day.
His fair Marguerite by his side—
Perhaps some day she'll be a bride.
And when Midge Herrig has more practice,

In some great play she'll be head actress.
Harry Houck is on a farm;
The work he'll do will do no harm.
Langdon Houvener, the next in line,
Is hooverizing at this time.
Clarence Hood, the history shark,
Knows Miss Morgan's book by heart.
Irma Johnson a soldier would be,
The Legion of Death will lead to victory.
Christie Kumbier, smiling true,
Always has a girl or two.
Cleopatra, Queen of Love and Laughter,
Is none other than Delphine Kempster.
A goddess so fair, so graceful and gay,
That naturally we call her Fay.
Kennedy, the Criterion's good Scop,
Writer of stories you understand not.
Frau German Lucy has a knack,
She reads her Immensee forward and back.
No joys nor boys have passed her yet,
For Tena is a born coquette.
Here's to Nina, we call her Slim;
There's not a Senior that she can't win.
Dale Law is awfully small you see,
But still a Latin shark is he.
Richard Lange, so fickle and fair,
He and his girl make just one pair.
Mac McKay is a shark at pool,
But his great ambition is to kick a goal.
Helen McPeak is very sweet,
In history she can't be beat.
Edna Miller, proud they say,
But we know it's just her way.
Charles Martzowka, none the wiser,
Liberty first, and get the Kaiser.
Julia Nelson, if you please,
Could rule a school with charming ease.
Evelyn Needham is a sweet little girl,
While Billy Brown is her only pearl.
Have you ever seen "Swede" Oleson smile?
No? Well you had better stick around awhile!
Helen Peckover, a winsome lass,
Will move to Detroit, alas! alas!
Alfred Richter, who you have heard before,
Thinks he knows about a drug store.

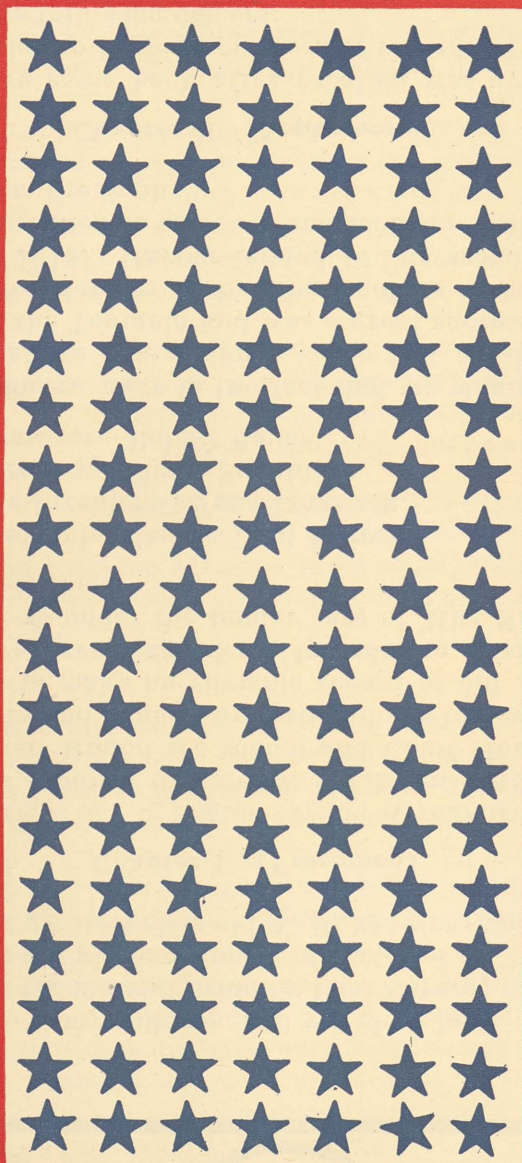
Ethel Richter, not so slow,
Is very fond of picture shows.
Anne Roby, with eyes sublime,
Has a sinecure at looking divine.
Arthur Rice, a speaker fine,
Fame around thee soon will twine.
Esther Russell with heart so true,
The best little girl one ever knew.
Doris Redmond is supreme,
Of our students she's the queen.
David Stickney, football star,
He is known both near and far.
Edwina Smith is very sweet,
As a cook she can't be beat.
Tony Sparks, a hero bold,
Dotes on sauerkraut, we are told.
A fine housekeeper is Miss Bert Swan,
Chasing dirt from early dawn.
Kathryn Schoberth, so they relate,
Was never seen out after half past eight.
Phyllis Stearns on Sabbath days
Makes the choir ring with praise.
Beecher Smith is nowadays seen
Walking with Miss Dorothy Green.
Helen Schumacher is so sweet,
In English class she is a treat.
George Strimbeck, so tall and fair,
Is mighty cute, so, girls, BEWARE!
Georgie Schemm is mighty queer,
His name suggests a keg of ——Censored since May 1
Next on the lot is Johnnie Trier,
He's going to move to another state next year.
Next come Jessie in this nomenclature,
Trim by name and trim by nature.
Carl Vogt is tall and thin,
And many letters he did win.
Edna Wartenberg, nick-named "Eddie,"
Always has a sweet smile ready.

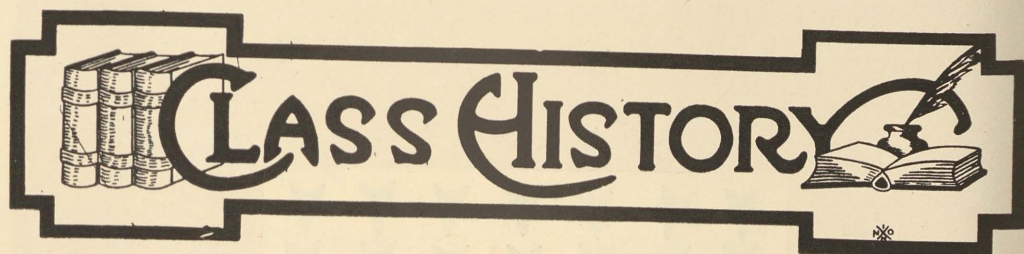
A. H. H. S. Honor Roll

Major George Gillette	France
Sergeant John Benson	Camp Custer
Sergeant Billy Mershon	France
Sergeant Ted Mershon	France
Lieutenant Oliver Richards	France
Captain Clem Quinn	Camp Custer
Lieutenant Cyril Quinn	Camp Custer
Lieutenant Sherman Kennedy	Norfolk, Va.
Ensign Phil Raymond	Sandy Hook, N. J.
Corporal Russell Porteous	France
Russell Paterson	Charleston, S. C.
Tom Saylor	Columbia University
Joe Fordney	Camp Lewis
Lieutenant Chester Fordney	Philadelphia, Pa.
Quartermaster Leslie Van Auken	Norfolk, Va.
Second Cadet Jerome Van Auken	Wichita Falls, Texas
Lieutenant Willis Van Auken	Camp Custer
Corporal Felix Smith	France
James Keho	U. S. S. Huntington
Herbert Roeser	France
Robert Parkin	U. S. S. Oklahoma
Joseph Wright	Camp Custer
Ensign Julian Burrows	France
Sergeant Eugene Ippel	Camp Custer
William Naismyth	Harvard
James Allerdycce	France
Earl Donaghy	Camp Custer
Sergeant Leo Vondette	Camp Custer
Carl Secoir	Camp Sherman
Sergeant William Fraser Paine	San Antonio, Texas
Walter Bartlette	Great Lakes, N. L. S.
Julius Holland Moritz	Camp McArthur
Harry Porterfield	Camp Stuart
Oliver Frederick	France
Frاند Fales	Camp Dodge
Clifford Ribble	Camp Upton, R. I.
Edward Slawson	France
William Sutherland	Honolulu, Hawaii
Captain Henry Meyer	Washington University
Ernest Camp	Camp Stuart, Va.
Wilbur Swarthout	Camp Custer
Harold Davis	U. S. S. Fearless
Huntington Howland	R. F. C.

Frank Van Brunt	Camp Hancock, Ga.
Walter Van Brunt	France
Albert Byron	Detroit
Roy Anjevine	France
Malcolm Hartwell	France
Roy Marble	Camp Custer
Clarence Dowis	Middletown, Pa.
Captain Andre Lockwood	Camp Custer
Albert Lacker	Camp Custer
Cecil Sims	France
Glenn Zuver	Camp Dodge
Roy Benway	France
Floyd Morris	France
Lieutenant Emil Tessin	Camp Custer
Herr Brady	Akron, Ohio
Clarence Remer	Great Lakes N. T. S.
Jim Jerome	Camp Custer
Lieutenant Charles Gilbert	Camp Custer
David Railing	France
Lieutenant Herbert Kleekamp	Camp Custer
Major Carl Holmberg	P. I.
Charles Byron	Great Lakes N. T. S.
Theo. Krause	Dallas, Texas
Sergeant Jim McKibben	France
Lieutenant Sidney Small	Washington, D. C.
Clinton Seymore	Washington, D. C.
Jack Van Brunt	France
John Lorenzen	Camp Custer
Corporal Charles Andre	Camp Custer
Frank Wobig	Camp Custer
Howard Doe	Camp Custer
Daniel Bray	Camp Custer
Donald Payne	Camp Custer
Arthur Lewis	Camp Houston
John Garrett	Camp Dodge
Russell Orr	France
Frank Dezelsky	Camp Dodge
Major George McLellan	Camp Greenly, Ga.
Jim Smith	
Lieutenant Frank Anderson	Hampton, Va.
Hazen Hart	France
Victor Savage	
Orin Shaw	France
Mr. Lynn Ralya	Columbus Barracks
Frederic Ittner	France

Andrew Hauch	Charleston, S. C.
Corporal Arthur Yates	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Walter Reichle	Dayton, Ohio
Clarence P. Bauer	Camp Stewart, Va.
Eugene W. Method	San Antonio, Texas
Edwin Anderson	Washington, D. C.
Carl A. Shaw	U. S. S. Susquahanna
Sergeant Otto Shaw	Camp Custer
Lieutenant William L. Miller	France
George Saunders	
Edward Weinburge	France
Charles Sparks	Ordnance Dept. Augusta, Ga.
Ralph Schluckbier	Harvard (Radio)
Corporal Herbert Holcomb	Camp Merritt, N. J.
Harry Buell	Ft. Sill, Okla.
Roland Winterstein	Ft. Riley, Kansas
Walter Bauer	Cape May, N. J.
Captain E. P. W. Richter	Ft. Riley, Kansas
A. Percy McKellar	Camp Custer
William McKellar	Camp Custer
William Martin	France
Ferdinand Schemm	Camp Custer
William McVicker	France
Edward Hollenbeck	Newport, R. I.
Charles Myres	Great Lakes (Radio)
Arthur Frarup	Camp Custer
Waldemar L. Roeser	Camp Custer
Frank Whaley	Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.
August Graebner	Texas
Lees Burrows	Naval Aviation
Wyatt Harper	Officers' Training Corps, Yale
Jay Orr	Annapolis, M. D.
George Whaley	France





CLASS HISTORY

Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
Not the midnight ride by Paul Revere;
But the glorious annals of the class of '18,
The greatest class old A. H. has e'er seen.

Chapter I (Freshmen)

One glorious day in September old Arthur Hill welcomed into its arms a bunch of verdant Freshmen. After we had been conducted around the school and Court House by well-meaning Sophs and Juniors we settled down to business. This business was to make an enviable record at old Arthur Hill, and so far we have succeeded. In order to start we had to have officers, so under the tender care of Miss Nash we proceeded to elect them.

President—George Lord Burrows.
Vice-President—Tena Lorenzen.
Secretary—Elmer Spaulding.
Treasurer—Robert Bauer.

These officers, alive to the fact that we wanted a record, suggested that we give a dance. The first Freshman dance was given at the Teutonia and was a great success. Then we set a new precedent by forbidding smokers to hold office in the class of 1918. Having tended to our social duties, we turned our attention to athletics and took the basketball banner away from the Sophs.

Chapter II (Sophomores)

When we came back after vacation was over we were full of ambition to keep up our former record. To start with we elected the following officers:

President—George Lord Burrows.
Vice-President—Tena Lorenzen.
Secretary—Emmet O. Davis.
Treasurer—Beecher C. Smith.

Laying aside all frivolous social matters we turned our attention to athletics and to literary matters and we certainly made a record.

In football we contributed William Graham, Earl Brooks, Harvey Spaulding, Chester Ellithorpe, and Dave Stickney, who were all first team stars, George Schemm, who captained the second team, came from our midst.

In basketball we again took the banner. Besides this, Earl Brooks, the captain, and Dave Stickney and Lisle McKay represented the class on the first team.

In the indoor track meet we captured the Siebel Cup and in the outdoor we took the trophy from the Seniors. The captain of the school team was Harvey Spaulding, a Sophomore.

In baseball we had Captain Brooks, Stickney, C. Graham, McVicker and Barret on the team.

Debating also demanded two from our class, for the first time Sophs being asked to participate in the Valley debates. The lucky fellows were Arthur Rice and George Burrows. (Modest George also won a place as an alternate.—The Ed.)

Chapter III (Juniors)

Few escaped from under Miss Coney's eagle eye and when we entered the Junior room we were depleted in quantity but resplendent in quality. In order to carry out our extended program we elected the following officers:

President—Beecher Smith.

Vice-President—Marjorie Herrig.

Secretary—Margaret Sheltraw.

Treasurer—George Strimbeck.

We started right in and gave the annual Junior Hop. It was a huge success; the Canoe Club was beautifully decorated, the music was fine, the refreshments were delicious, and a large crowd was there to enjoy them.

Then to show our dramatic ability we presented our play, "A College Town," to a record breaking audience.

We also kept up our fine record in athletics and debating, just to show people we had not forgotten how.

In order to give a good impression we gave our Junior Banquet at the Canoe Club. It was a great success and though there were many Sophs present we got the horn safely away from the Club and it reposes safely in our care.

The Senior Return was the next on the program, and there were no three kegs of pickles to greet the guests at this

picnic. An enjoyable time was had by all, including McKay, who showed the slow rubes at the Beach how to play pedro.

Chapter IV (Seniors)

And now we are Seniors, embarked on our final voyage. Though we were head over heels in work we found time to elect our officers, who are:

President—George Lord Burrows.

Vice-President—Hughferd Giesel.

Secretary—Lisle McKay.

Treasurer—George Schemm.

To begin with, we ordered our class pins—and oh, boys! they are beauties. Then we laid our plans for the Senior Play, "At the Sign of the Shooting Star," which under the guidance of Miss Coney and Miss Boyle was a great success.

But we have not neglected other matters, for we have seven letter men on the football team: Captain Olsen, Giesel, Stickney, Vogt, Sparks, Schemm, Richter and McKay.

In basketball we took the cake. Captain Stickney, Olsen, Giesel, McKay, Graebner and Bauer were all Seniors.

Spring athletics being eliminated, we turned our attention to other matters, and in our Military Training we have Captain Burrows, Lieutenants Smith and Case, Sergeants Rice and Strimbeck, and Corporal Kumbier.

Then in the debating we showed our usual class: Arthur Rice, George Burrows, Carl Vogt, George Strimbeck, and Merrill Case making the team, so that five of the six Inter-scholastic debaters were Seniors.

Then the crowning event of the Senior year, the publishing of the Legenda. The management of the Legenda was placed in the hands of a board composed of six Seniors, Arthur H. Rice, Hughferd Giesel, Jennie Dembinski, Carl Vogt, Richard Lange, and Lisle McKay. This board, with competent assistants, has published the largest and best Legenda in history. The work was done for the benefit of the class and the profits were put into the class treasury.

FAREWELL

And now we stand on the platform and receive our diplomas, a lump arises in our throats as we think of parting from the school where we have spent four hard-working but happy years. But we are comforted when we realize that as the years roll on the class of 1918 will be remembered and cherished as one of the finest classes of old Arthur Hill.

Two Patriots

PART I.

It had been a hard struggle, a strenuous task to undertake, but now it was all over. He had lost both, so the world said, but deep down within his heart was a little voice saying, "Not yet."

Thus it was that Henry Carek gave up his ambition to go to college; gave up, too, the girl for whom he cared so dearly. Yet, after giving up the two hopes he had treasured so long, he was not despondent, for he was one of those who are big enough, strong-minded enough, to be good losers.

At the beginning of each year in the Arthur Hill High School a scholarship contest was opened to those seniors who wished to enter it. It offered one thousand dollars to the one who should get the highest average at the end of the year upon the condition, however, that he go to college. It was in this contest that Henry had lost and George Curby, his friend and rival, had won. It was for this reason that George was going to college and Henry was not.

Upon the night when the scholarship was awarded to George Curby, Henry was the first to congratulate him. He did so with a tone which showed how free from malice and grudge he was; how hearty the wishes he gave him. But it was not until the following evening that he broached the subject of his friend's other victory. It was not until he had schooled himself to hide the pain of that defeat a little more from the outside world that he could force himself to say to his friend, though not without a little catch in his voice, that he wished happiness to him and the girl over whom they had so long striven.

Theirs had been a peculiar agreement. For three years they had admired the same girl; for three years she had remained unconscious of their admiration; for three years she had treated them alike with not a hair's breadth of partiality toward either. But one day Faith Morgan, the beautiful, quaint little girl added a spark to the true situation.

The three were talking of the scholarship contest just announced. It was unexpectedly, though laughingly, that Faith exclaimed, "You both try just as hard as you can for that scholarship and the one who wins — well — that one can have me!"

How often words uttered in mirth are taken seriously! Without a word each understood the intention of the other; each set out to win the prize and the reward for winning. No one could have tried harder; no one could have tried more incessantly than those two boys. But now all was over. The one had won and the other had lost.

PART II.

War was raging on in Europe. Each day new countries entered the struggle; each day the coming of peace seemed more distant.

Back on the old farm of his father Henry worked steadily remaining unconscious of that war in Europe, indeed, remaining unconscious to everything about him. Away in college his friend, too, was busily working, working his way to the head of his class.

Thus we find the two friends who had played and worked together now started on paths vastly different. The ambition of one was to be a great scientist; the ambition of the other was to forget the past.

Outrages continued. Ship after ship was sunk; trouble upon trouble was heaped upon America. At last, forced to protect its honor and the welfare of humanity it, too, plunged into war.

Have you ever seen a tree refuse to bend to the force of the wind? Then, even as you watched, a strong gust arises suddenly and the tree bends and shakes with seeming anger. Such a gust blew; the boy was angered and Henry Carek offered his services to his country.

Soon Henry gained fame as an aviator. Higher and higher rose his reputation, for his skill in the management of the air-craft and his daring were surpassed by no one.

As the war raged on, soldiers, aviators, and nurses were continually leaving for France and the time arrived when

Henry, too, must go. He must leave behind his dear America and cross the sea to France; he must leave the land which held so many friends; he must leave the land where Faith Morgan lived, for somehow he still dreamed of her though he now knew nothing more of her. Indeed, she seemed to have disappeared; no one knew of her.

At last, from somewhere in France, come tidings of America's best aviator. He had saved a whole army by telling of the danger that lay before it; danger about which it otherwise would have known nothing.

Then, again, tidings come from abroad; sad news and the wailings of a multitude come from across the sea. In a great battle the great aviator had destroyed three enemy aeroplanes and had pounced upon the fourth when a shell crippled his machine and he went down, down to no one knows where.

PART III.

A great battle had been fought and won. Dead silence prevailed upon the battlefield; silence broken only by a groan from the dying or a cry from the wounded or the tread of nurses' feet as they went among the wounded and the dead. Even the moon sought to hide itself, overawed by the scene before it, for the ground was covered with fallen bodies.

In a far corner of that battlefield lay a tattered, exhausted soldier. As the nurse, bending over him, looked into his fevered, roaming eyes the dawn of recognition came upon her. What a flood of joy overspread her features to be replaced only too quickly by a deathly pallor! Not a moment was to be lost, for the blood was welling from a wound made by a shrapnel. As she staunches the wound, her lips continually murmured, "He cannot die; he must not die."

Many nights she watched over him, snatching what moments she could from the other patients of the hospital in which he had been placed. "Would he live? He could not die," she would say. But ever his fever increased, ever he grew more delirious, until complete exhaustion made all lose hope.

Yet she kept on watching and praying. She would not give up. Over and over the words of an old, old story came back to her, "While there is life, there is hope."

Then, just when the first rays of the sun, many, many days later came and softly rested upon him, just at the dawn of a beautiful day, he fell into a quiet slumber and he would live.

Then came his story, so queer and so sad. He had been an aviator. While in a battle, his machine had been crippled and he had fallen. More than that he did not know until he was told that he was a German captive. It was then that the real horror broke upon him. A German captive! He could no longer help France and his dear America!

Months, which seemed like centuries to him, elapsed. He not only had to work hard but he was given food that a dog would not eat. So it had gone on until the great battle came. Every man available was sent to the front. For a moment even the captives were forgotten, so terrible was the struggle. Then came the escape. Many nights he had traveled until he came upon the German army itself. There was but one thing to do, and he did it. Putting on the clothes and taking the weapons of a dead German, he waited for a chance to cross to the forces of the allies. Then just when he would have succeeded the shrapnel of a German officer pierced him and he fell.

His story was finished, and looking up he saw large tears in the eyes of the nurse. Strangely, too, she looked just then like one whom he had so long tried to forget but could not. Could it be—no, this nurse's name was Thais Nagrom. The great aviator, for it was he, heaved a big sigh, but whether that sigh was for Faith Morgan or whether it was a sigh of relief from the great hardships he had endured, I do not know.

PART IV.

The great war was over. Like a golden star, peace had fallen once more upon the earth. Great was the rejoicing everywhere, even in the countries which had lost there was rejoicing, for the allies had won and with them Democracy.

The war was ended. Many ships sailed for America carrying those who had labored in France. Each ship was greeted by a multitude but the one which was cheered the loudest was that one which carried Henry Carek. When he stepped ashore, it seemed that the people could not cheer him enough, for he was like a great man lost and found.

Suddenly all eyes were turned toward an approaching figure. America's best scientist, a hero, had done his great work at home, was coming to greet the friend he had not seen so many years. On he came until the friends once more grasped each other's hands as in olden days.

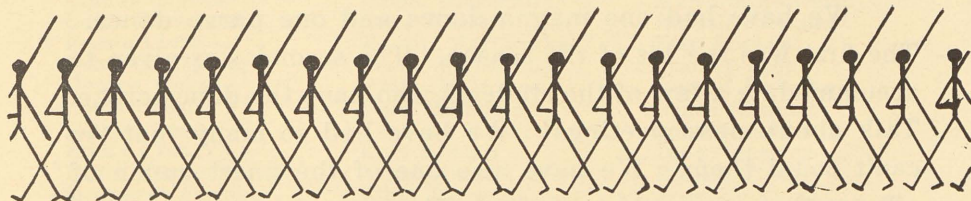
But, strangely enough, his eyes wandered to the girl by the side of Henry, for Thais Nagrom had come across the sea with him. He stepped up more closely to her and cried out, "Faith, is it you? Where have you been all these years?"

Henry, too, looked at the girl for whom he had learned to care so much. Oh, the sadness! the pain in his voice as he slowly said, "Faith, I did not know it was you." Then turning to his friend he added, "Forgive me, I have made a great mistake."

Hurriedly Henry walked through the surprised crowd. On, on he went until he came upon a deserted bench. Heavily he sank into it, conscious of nothing save some horror of which he had but a vague idea. It seemed he sat there for hours until he felt a light touch upon his arm and a tearful voice confessing, "He told me I was free, for I told him I could never love him. I am sorry I deceived you so long."

That night the great scientist came to wish happiness to the great aviator and Faith Morgan. Reversed were the conditions from what they had been five years ago, for time had shown that America's two patriots had both lost and both won.

JOSEPHINE FRANC.





Freshman Class Notes

Some class, I'd say. The largest in the history of the Arthur Hill High School. Read the list of names over and see if you don't think they sound like those of future presidents.

We have had one magna dance and one parva dance. The first was the hit of the season. The second was given to accommodate a few of the students who have the dance craze. Talk about mass meetings! We have had so many that we can't count them. We have also one of the finest bunch of officers that one could wish for. They are:

President—Reginald French.
Vice-President—Paul Hackett.
Secretary—Russel Stickney.
Treasurer—Margaret Curtis.

In athletics we are represented on the first team by Roy Spiekerman and Floyd Adsit, each having received his letter. We are well represented in both the boys' and girls' military training classes.

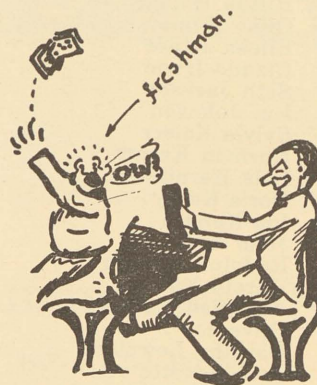
The class of '21 is as follows:

Floyd Adsit	Irine Gelinas	Richard Rankin
Loyd Adsit	Ralph Gensiver	Lawrence Raymond
Elizabeth Alderton	Leslie Gibbs	Carol Redmond
Raymond Alderton	Gerald Griffore	Dorothea Reichle
Robert Allardyce	Harry Guatkuski	Alfred Reid
Mabel Anderson	Leota Goodrow	Lillian Reisner
Leo Angevine	Nina Goodrow	Vivian Rhodes
Ruth Appleby	Clara Gallimore	Catherine Rice
June Arndt	Eben Graves	Katherine Richert
Earl Avery	Dorothy Green	Evelyn Richter
Ruth Avery	Louis Groening	Walter Richter
Hazel Baskin	Irma Grunwell	Joseph Riset
Hazel Beach	Richard Gugel	Joseph Robertson
Allaseba Becker	Paul Hackett	Junior Rockwood
Helen Bernhard	Ella Haines	Walter Roeser
Olive Bittner	Harry Hannum	Gretchen Roethke
Nellie Blackstone	Gladys Harper	Burton Ross
Hubett Bloomfield	Mildred Heidger	John Russell
Louretta Blum	John Herzog	Gladys Ryder
Esther Blumenthal	Hilton Hodges	Raymond Scheib
Nathaniel Blanchard	Olive Hyman	Dorothy Schendel
Walter Bohnhoff	Eileen Ittner	Ruth Schoeneberg
Irine Bolt	Claude Irwin	Helen Schultheis
Richard Stanly Bolt	Seth Jackson	Marion Schueknecht
Edna Boqueete	Ina Johnson	Harold Schurr
Merryn Boshaw	Sylvia Kaiser	Ralph Schust
Genevieve Brandt	Norman Karow	Laura Schwahn
Louise Brandt	Lola Kernin	Sidney Sears
Irine Bridwell	Doris Kerby	Orrin Shaw
Maurice Brown	Ida Kerstin	Edward Slawson
Margaret Buddle	John Klukamp	Lawrence Smith
Harry Burrows	Rudolph Krause	Lester Smith
Margaret Cadagan	Harold Kempf	Pauline Smith
Grace Carmichall	Winfried Lange	June Snow
Erma Cassow	Olive Lia	Raymond Sonefeld
George Chaffin	Dorothy Lewellyn	Norman Spangler
Edw. Cherry	Jack Lovette	Roy Spiekerman
Pearl Cherry	Ralph Mannion	Ruth Steele
Lydia Christ	Ida Marble	Kenneth Stewart
Helen Claflin	Earl Marquis	Allen Strimbeck
Claude Clarke	Luella Marshall	Malcolm Stewart
Louis Cleveland	Alice Martui	Russell Stickney
Bessie Close	Martin Martzowka	Etta Stielow
Beatrice Clymer	Frank McDermid	Stanley Stone
George Coash	Helen McIntyre	Russell Swarthout
Louis Coash	Vera Meinhold	Grace Stewart
Blanch Coon	Caroline Meyer	Irine Swarthout
Emily Crane	Karl Midcalf	June Traekett
Ethel Curran	Anna Minnis	Russell Tuck
Margaret Curtis	Ellen Morgan	Rosaline Tyler
Harold Dall	Charles Moore	Edward Ure
Gardwell Darling	Dale Morningstar	John Veague
Bishop Davis	Harold Morrison	Milton Wager
Fred Davis	Franklin Murphy	Louise Walton
Earl Dixon	Edwin Myers	Clarence Watkins
Dorothy Doerfner	Alfred Navario	Walter Weniberg
Leona Dollhopf	Selma Nehls	Helen Weiss
Violet Dowis	Wm. Joyce Nixon	Oatley Wells
Francis Duff	Henrietta Norton	Herbert Wettlaufer

Lois Duff
 Arthur Dunham
 Velma Dunlap
 Floyd Duranso
 Viola Edwards
 John Eggert
 Leslie Eynon
 Reginald French
 Alma Fritz
 Gertrude Fritz
 Frances Fust
 Edna Frost

Lillian Odell
 Ida Osterbeck
 Fyllis Ostrander
 Lena Pankonin
 Amy Parkin
 Ruby Parks
 Maurice Perkins
 Russell Person
 Edw. Peters
 Ann Powell
 Julius Powers
 Ralph Pritchard
 Trevah Preist

Ameretta White
 Alma Wiechmann
 Edward Wilde
 Elmo Wilkinson
 Doris Wiltse
 Erma Winterstun
 Harold Wright
 William Wright
 Enoch Yates
 Ruth Saunder
 Elsie Zeitz
 Ottilia Zorn



Thrilling Exposé of
 Senior's Actions in
 Session Room.



Sophomore Class Notes

Early in the year, the class of '20 held a class meeting and elected the following set of officers:

President—James Hay.
Vice-President—Arlene George.
Treasurer—Roy Brenner.
Secretary—Fritz Case.

At a class meeting held in November we decided to give a dance. This dance took place on December twelfth and was one of the most successful parties given this season, over eighty couples filling our Social Hall. Because of the huge success of this party, we expect to give another in the near future.

In athletics we are represented by Ripley Schemm, Louis Goldstein, James Murray, Harry Appleby, Meinhard Lorenzen and William Brown.

vious school functions. Our illustrious President and trusted Treasurer risked their necks putting up lovely red, white and blue streamers; and when the evening rolled around the hall looked like a fort on dress parade. Oh, 'twas a splendid sight!

Early in the year we were startled and excited to see certain visions in khaki who appeared in our halls. Now we have become quite accustomed to seeing them, even to talking to them sometimes. The Junior class proudly claims several of these Military Training men, and we hope that ere long still more of our numbers may have joined.

We are glad to say that many of our Junior girls are taking Military Training. They are not wearing uniforms yet or brandishing guns, but they are doing splendid work. Wait! Soon Arthur Hill will be as proud of its trained girls as it is now of its uniformed boys.

We are splendidly organized, and working hard in the Junior Red Cross. The girls are giving from four to eight hours a week to bandage making, doing wonderful work in the sewing department, and turning out sweaters, helmets and socks by the dozen. We are all buying Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds. Oh, if everybody were like us the war would have been over with long ago!

But, "Art is long and time is fleeting," so au revoir till next year when this class of ours will be graduating and we shall be the heroes of the hour as are now the honored members of the class of '18.

Allow me to present "Our Class":

Edward Ault	Edna Grill	Gladys Piaszk
Norma Berry	Vincent Hackett	Ferris Pitts
Olga Block	Edna Haft	Helen Rankin
Ernestine Boles	Ethal Hattersly	Josephine Reed
Elfreida Borosch	Cathryn Heine	Harold Reichle
Harold Brogan	George Heinlein	Henrietta Remer
Margaret Browne	Harold Huebner	Leola Renwick
Pearl Byron	Paul Jackson	Thelma Rockwood
Ruth Byron	Elsie Karrow	Renata Schmidt
Erwin Clark	Mildred Keeth	Loretta Schnell
Maxine Colbath	Marion Kemp	Albert Schweitzer
Elanthe Coash	Martha Kleekamp	Beulah Smiley
Arthur Curran	Earl Koerbner	Dorothy Spaulding
Eleanor Curtis	Ortell Krause	Grace Spenner
Louise Deible	Estehr Leuenberger	Donald Sperry
Owen Dice	Moxie Lutes	Abbie Squire
Linda Duclos	Adele Lynch	Violet Tessin
Martha Duclos	Meta Marsh	Vesta Turnbull
Eulalia Eib	Helen Mayville	Lawrence Vogt
Dorothy Emerick	Helen McBratnie	Maude Wiltsie
Elsie Gelinas	Irma Meyer	Olive Wiltsie
William Graham	Irlene Nash	Meta Zorn
	Virgil Neumann	

Senior Class Notes

September 17, 1917, marked the beginning of the end. On that day we, the class of 1918, entered upon our last year at Arthur Hill. It has been a busy year, and it has not allowed our reputation for studiousness, industry, and ability to wane in the least. Indeed, rather, it has increased it.

We began the year with the regular class election. The following were chosen:

President—George Burrows.
Vice-President—Hughferd Giesel.
Secretary—Margaret Sheltraw.
Treasurer—George Schemm.

Later in the year Miss Margaret Sheltraw, having resigned, was replaced by Lisle McKay, who has since capably filled the position.

Then the matter of pins and rings arose. We chose ones which we are proud to wear as emblems of the class of '18, and received them just before Christmas.

Athletics also engaged a part of our time, and our part in them is surely not to be overlooked, for, of those who got their letters in football, the Captain and eight others were Seniors. They were: Olsen, captain; Stickney, McKay, Giesel, Lange, Richter, Schemm, Sparks and Vogt. We also furnished the men for the basketball team. In only one game during the year did another classman play on the team. Stickney, capt., McKay, Bauer, Giesel, Olsen, Graebner, Clark and Houvenir were Seniors.

Not satisfied with participating in athletics, we took part in debating. Of the six debaters, we furnished Burrows, Strimbeck, Rice, Vogt and Case.

The best proof of our studiousness is the fact that five Seniors entered the scholarship race and remained in to the finish. This is the largest number who have tried for this honor in several years.

Along in the second semester we chose a play called "At the Sign of the Shooting Star," which was given late in the year.

Other classes have done these things. They have participated in athletics and debating, have picked plays, pins and rings, and have published Legendas. But we were not to be stopped here. The war gave us wider opportunities and we quickly grasped them. During the first semester several Seniors began to agitate Boys' Military Training, because they be-

lieved it would help the country. The same fellows later circulated a petition which resulted in bringing about Military Training for the boys of our school. Having started this organization we did not neglect it. We now have in this company the following officers: Captain, First Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant, Top Sergeant, Sergeant, and Corporal.

Then the girls, not to be beaten by the boys, also started Military Training. A Senior, Miss Irma Johnson, was chosen captain. A number of other Senior girls attend regularly.

These two branches of war-work were not enough, so we organized a 100 per cent Red Cross unit, with Anne Roby as president, Beecher Smith as secretary, and George Strimbeck as treasurer. Everyone signed a pledge to do one of the following:

1. Make or grow something for the Red Cross.
2. Save by cutting down on non-essentials.
3. Give of what I can earn and save to help those who have suffered in this war.

The girls did Red Cross work, making surgical dressings, knitting and sewing, and those boys who could, signed a pledge to buy one or more Thrift Stamps a week. Within three weeks our rate per cent was 600. This certainly should prove our industry and patriotism.

All these things contribute to show that during our Senior year we have not allowed our reputation for studiousness, ability and industry to wane in the least.

R. DALE LAW.

HABLA V. ESPANOL?

We are hoping, yes, even praying that when the doors of old Arthur Hill are unlocked next fall that there will be ushered in a new subject. This new subject is desirable not only from an educational viewpoint, but more so from a commercial standpoint. The subject of Spanish is the coming language for this country. It is needed for the trade which is certain to arise between this country and the South American countries after the war. The universities of the country recognized this fact a year ago when they put Spanish on their curriculums, since then many high schools of the state have followed the example. By offering this subject to the students of Arthur Hill it would not be necessary to increase the teaching staff, for the small enrollment in Miss Ascher's classes would allow her to take the Spanish classes for which she is well fitted. So we hope that Spanish will be placed on the curriculum next year.

C. V. '18.

"At the Sign of the Shooting Star"

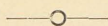
Following the precedent set by the class of '08, we decided to give a Senior Play, entitled "At the Sign of the Shooting Star." The date was May 24; the place, the Teutonia Hall.

The cast composed entirely of stars started practice about the middle of April. Miss Coney and Miss Boyle directed the rehearsals and the success of the play was largely due to them. From the showing in practice we predict a dramatic career for every one in the play.

The story deals with the adventures of an American aviator and his aunt. He is pursued by the Prince of Gravia, who wrongly suspects him of selling plans to the enemy. How they all meet "At the Sign of the Shooting Star," how Aunt Shirley discovers the real thief, and how a house party ends in happier relations, makes a very interesting and amusing play.

The Cast

Mason Jones	Carl Vogt
Camille Jones	Tena Lorenzen
Rosalind Jones	Evelyn Needham
Agatha Jones	Elizabeth Friedlein
Rupert Jones	Dick Lange
Lionel Jones	Lisle McKay
Helen Victor	Fay Kempster
Grace Hartley	Edna Miller
Lesley Mordaunt	Grace Enzer
Shirley Glenfield	Nina LaFlair
Molly Baker	Marjorie Herrig
Hyacinth Johnson	Kathryn Schoberth
David Perkins	Robert Bauer
Nelson Parkhall	John Gillen
Anderson Glenfield	Hughferd Giesel
October Dawn	Alfred Richter
Dorothy Moulton	Hazel Carmichael
Tom Phipps	Herbert Arndt
Lieut. DeGoza	Arthur Rice
Phillip Levrone	Perry Gooding



He Had the Hoover Idea

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

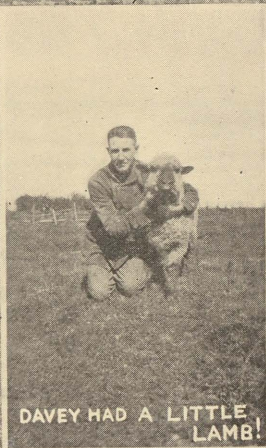
"No, mamma, it's economy," the boy answered, "the same piece of bread does for both."

Can You Imagine

Nina LaFlair and not a smile?
Ernestine Boles and not Ted?
Casey without a "Hump"?
McKay dancing?
Dave Stickney not crabbing?
Kumbic and not Gillec?
Miss Coney not correcting?
H. Giesel without an appetite?
Carl Vogt not arguing?
Bub Bauer winning the scholarship?
A. Richter secretary of the Y. W. C. A.?
J. Dembinski keeping still in Stenography?
Anne Roby on the West Side after school?
George Burrows milking a cow?
C. Hood flunking History?
Midge sitting alone at play practice?
Evelyn Needham six feet tall?
Tena with quiet socks?
Dale Law in long pants?
Elizabeth cooking enough for Giesel to eat?
G. Schemm getting the Legenda profits?
Harold Brogan a football star?
Tony Sparks on a diet?
Fay Kempster in calico?
George Strimbeck with a girl?
Art Rice on time?
A noise and not Dick Lange?
Miss Nash in grand opera?
Helen McPeak encouraging attentions?
Josephine Franc being rude?
Helen Peckover not writing to Harold?
Mr. Lange talking about the assigned lesson?
Beecher Smith missing a dance?



JESSIE! WHO IS HE!



DAVEY HAD A LITTLE LAMB!



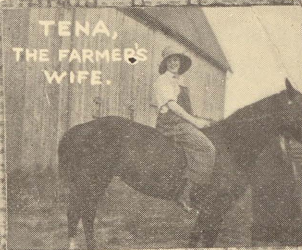
"WE THREE"



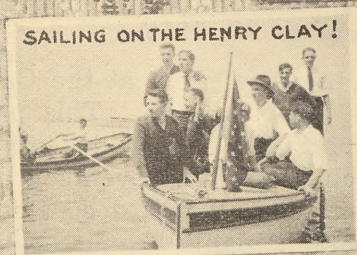
WHY BOYS LEAVE FOR FARMS



WHY SO SLEEPY GIRLS?



TENA,
THE FARMER'S
WIFE.



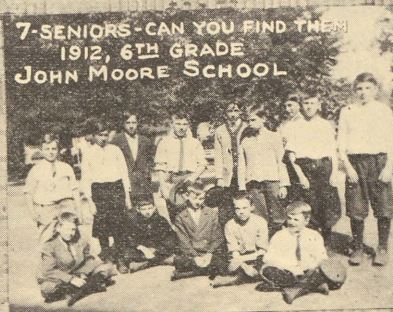
SAILING ON THE HENRY CLAY!



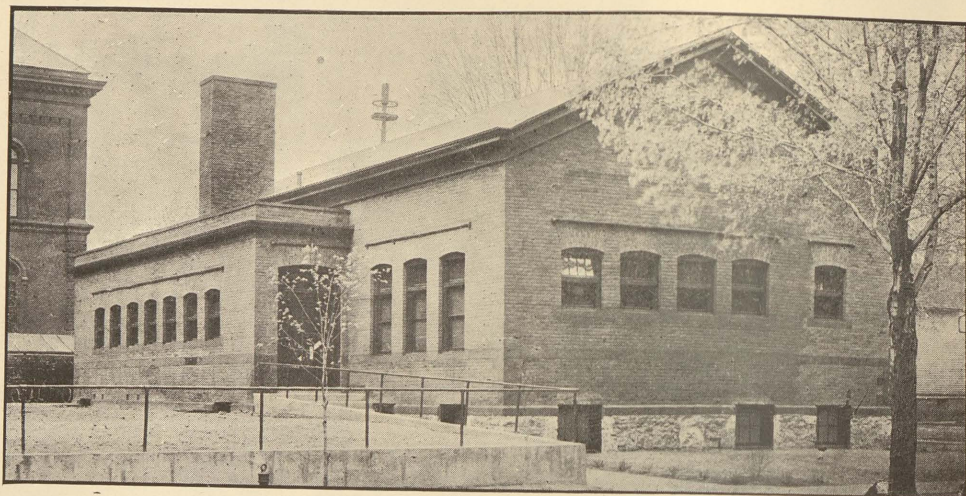
HAIL! HAIL!
THE GANGS
ALL HERE!



PATRIOTIC HELENS



7-SENIORS-CAN YOU FIND THEM
1912, 6TH GRADE
JOHN MOORE SCHOOL



Society Notes

Sophomore Party, December, 1917

The dancing season was opened at the Social Hall with a well-attended party given by the Sophs. As it was the first dance of the year, all the dancers turned out and made it one of the most successful dances of the year. The music helped a great deal towards making the party a success. Owing to hard times (the Sophomores' hard times) no refreshments were served.

Football Hop, December 12, 1917

The third annual Football Hop was given at the Canoe Club under the direction of our football team. This party was given for the purpose of obtaining money to provide sweaters for the letter-men. Each one of the seventeen boys was given a very good sweater. The hall was decorated in a decidedly appropriate way, football blankets and the high school's colors being prominently displayed. The music added a great deal to the enjoyment of the dancers and it was with great reluctance on the part of the dancers that the party closed at twelve o'clock.

Junior Hop, December 27, 1917

The Juniors persisted in carrying out the idea of war-time dances and made their annual Junior Hop a patriotic dance. The party was given at the Canoe Club and was attended by

a large number of Arthur Hill students and alumni. The hall was decorated with numberless flags of all sizes, which gave the dance a martial atmosphere. The music under the direction of Uphoff figured prominently in the success of the party. No refreshments were served but, nevertheless, the dancers certainly did hate to leave when the hour of twelve came.

Freshman Dance

The Freshmen, relying on the music to make or break their party, which was held at the Social Hall, were by no means disappointed by the peppy music offered by Martuch's orchestra. It was far the best music given at any of the dances during the year, and as the attendance was not as large as at the other parties, the dancers were able to enjoy it to the fullest extent. The party was highly a social success even though the Freshmen did not clear expenses.

Cadet Dances

Two Cadet dances were given by the Arthur Hill Military Co., at the Social Hall, one on the evening of March 15th, and the other on April 6th. Both of the parties were very good and the first was accredited to be the most successful party ever held at the Social Hall. The music at both of the dances was exceptionally good and everyone had a good time even though the hall was slightly crowded. Precedent was broken at both of the dances when lemon ice was served for refreshments.

At the second dance the dancers were treated to several good newly composed selections by Isham Jones. At this party a large number of the alumni were in attendance. The money made by these dances was placed in a company fund.

BEECHER SMITH.

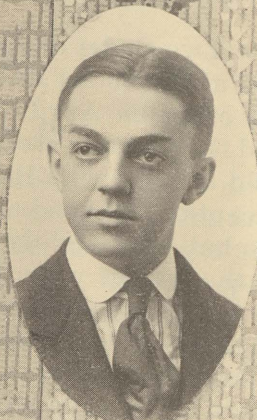
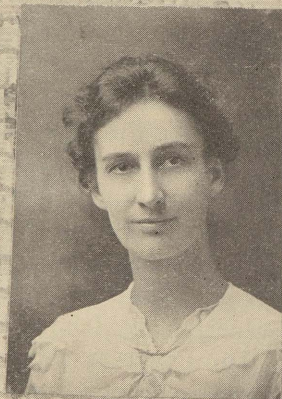
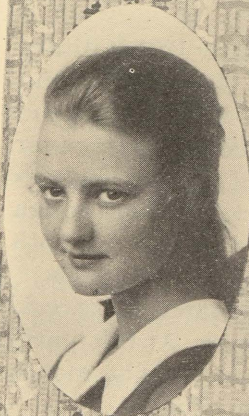
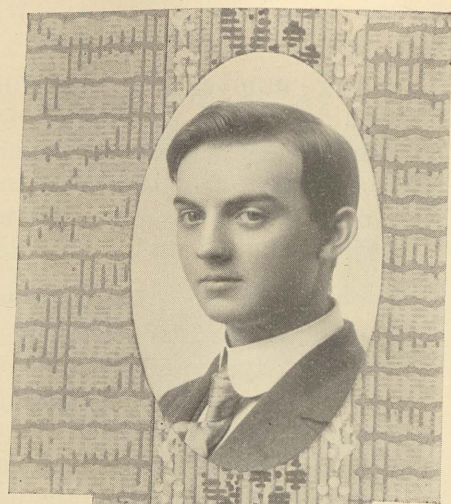
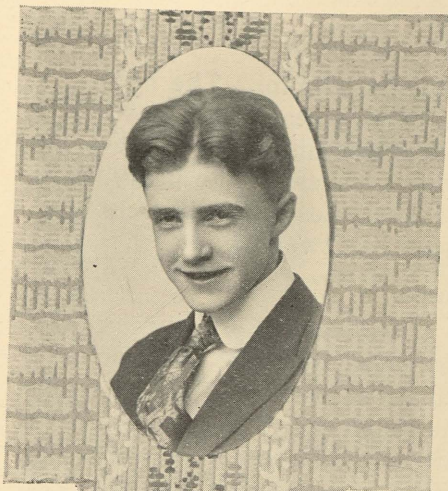
The Hillite Twelve.



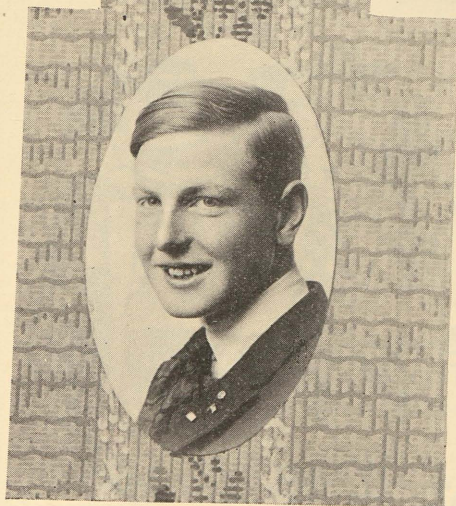
Parade Begins at 12:45

Joyce Nason

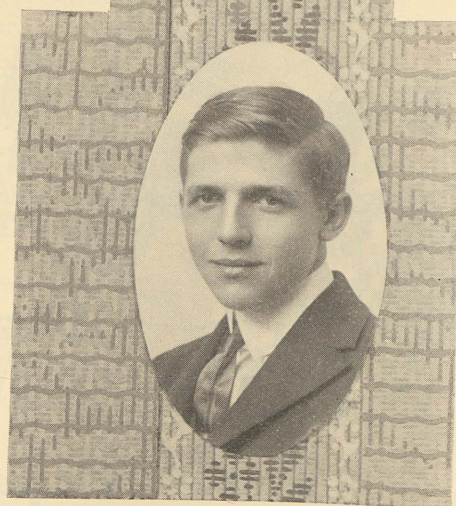
Our Debaters



COACH



AFFIRMATIVE



NEGATIVE



The Philomathic Society

The Philomathic Society can boast of one of the most successful years in its history.

Following the suggestion of Mr. Lange the society made Parliamentary Drill a part of the regular program.

Current topics for debating proved popular as well as educational.

The spirit of patriotism, in accordance with the times, predominated on every occasion.

Much enjoyment was afforded the society by the participation of non-members, who graciously assisted in the programs.

A most unusual attendance supported our teams at the annual interscholastic debate. It was not through the lack of effort of the debaters, nor that of their efficient leader, Miss Nash, that our teams were unsuccessful in gaining the judges' decision.

We are anticipating with keenest pleasure the annual Philomathic banquet to be held within a short time.

Miss Nash and Miss Ascher have been untiring in their efforts to assist us. To them we owe much of whatever success has come to us.

The officers, to whom much appreciation is due, follow:

FIRST SEMESTER

President—Arthur Rice.
Vice-Pres.—Ernestine Boles.
Secretary—Eulalia Eib.
Treasurer—R. Dale Law.

SECOND SEMESTER

President—Merrill Case.
Vice-Pres.—R. Dale Law.
Secretary—Marjorie Herrig.
Treasurer—Hughferd Giesel.

MEMBERS

Miss Ascher	Hughferd Giesel	Edna Miller
Edward Alt	Clare Hackett	Allen Palmer
Ernestine Boles	Edna Haft	Ferris Pitts
Elfrieda Borash	Arthur Hantel	Arthur Rice
Arthur Brand	Marjorie Herrig	Edward Roeser
Russell Brandt	Paul Jackson	George Schemm
George Burrows	Ted Kennedy	Ripley Schemm
Merrill Case	Tena Lorenzen	Albert Schweizer
William Crane	R. Dale Law	Beecher Smith
Jennie Dembenski	Richard Lange	Phyllis Stearns
Eulalia Eib	William Lee	George Strimbeck
Evelyn Elliott	Adele Lynch	Violet Tessin
Josephine Franc	Lisle McKay	Herbert Arndt
Elsie Gelinass	Helen McPeak	Carl Vogt

INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATERS

Affirmative: Merrill Case, Capt.; Ernestine Boles, George Strimbeck. Negative: Arthur Rice, Capt.; George Burrows, Carl Vogt.

PROGRAM COMMITTEES

First Semester: Ernestine Boles, chairman; Merrill Case, Phyllis Stearns, Tena Lorenzen, Marjorie Herrig.

Second Semester: Marjorie Herrig, chairman; Ernestine Boles, George Burrows, R. Dale Law, Jennie Dembenski.

Next year we hope the society will continue in its success.

M. H.

Girls' Military Training

Forward, March! Are we in it? Well, I guess. The girls have formed a fine military company to make themselves as fit as soldiers. One hundred and two girls have enlisted in this branch of service. There are twelve seniors, fifteen juniors, twenty-two sophomores, fifty-two freshmen, and also Dr. Ascher. Twice a week we drill at the Social Hall.

At first an hour's drill was a little hard on the girls. More than one girl came to school lame after her first drill. But now the girls are getting hardened to this kind of exercise and feel more like studying after an hour of drilling.

Oh, yes! We have a uniform, too. As it was too late in the season to consider getting uniforms specially made, the girls decided to adopt the blue skirt, white middie and red tie as their uniform. Not only is this a very sensible and serviceable uniform, but also a patriotic one.

Mr. Ralya has been drilling the company. The girls wish to extend their thanks to him for the time and information he has given.

We have great hopes in this company and next year we want to have more girls out. The girls will begin to drill in September again and will rival the boys in efficiency.

We, the girls of the Arthur Hill High School, have adopted military training as a war measure and we hope that we will be supported by the entire school.

I. M. J.

High School Orchestra

Last fall, Miss Keating, of the faculty, felt that there was enough musical talent in school to warrant the establishment of a High School orchestra. Accordingly a meeting was called and an organization effected. Rehearsals have been held every Monday evening from 7:30 to 9:00, in the ninth grade room and good progress has been made. The orchestra has appeared before the Philomathic Society and also furnished music for the Flint-Arthur Hill debate on April 19.

The following are members of the orchestra:

Piano, Elizabeth Friedlein; cornet, Horace Houck; clarinet, Edna Haft; drums, Robert Brand; first violins, Christie Kumbier, Hughferd Giesel, Harold Kempf, Louis Goldstein; second violin, Louis Groening. Director, Miss Keating.

The Saginawee Camp Fire

MEMBERS

Edna Miller	Elsie Karow	Rosalinda Block
Olga Block	Ortall Krause	Winifred Donaldson
Ernestine Boles	Helen Mayville	Dorothy Eggert
Eulalia Eib	Elsie Michalke	Myra Goodrow
Ruth Griggs	Catherine Appleby	Jessie Manke
Edna Haft	Margaret Steere, Guardian	Leota Goodrow

The Saginawee Camp Fire, organized in the fall of 1915, is composed entirely of Arthur Hill High School girls, and has Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors among its members.

All but two of the girls have attained the rank of Wood Gatherer, six have attained the rank of Fire Maker, and three are working for the rank of Torch Bearer.

On November 24th, the Saginawee Camp Fire assisted in giving an operetta at the Masonic Temple, the proceeds of which went to the Camp Fire aWr Chest—this money being used for the organization of the girls in the war zone, a work which has been favorably commented on by President Wilson. The girls spend several hours each week at Red Cross headquarters; knitting is also done at the regular Camp Fire meetings. Each Christmas a basket is prepared for some needy family.

The Saginawee Camp Fire was the first to be organized, but there are now ten of these organizations in Saginaw and more are being added.

Girls' Club Notes

The Girls' Club at last succeeded in electing a president who stayed with them the year around, this being Miss Tena Lorenzen. They also elected Miss Helen McPeak as vice-president and Miss Marjorie Herrig as secretary and treasurer.

At the first meeting of the Girls' Club there were 87 new Freshmen girls enrolled in the Club, this making a total of 202 members now in the Club.

A party was given at the Social Hall for the girls on the evening of October 31st. Many ghosts and goblins were there to greet them. A trio consisted of Ortall Krause, Helen Mayville, and Winifred Donaldson favored us with a few selections which were enjoyed by all. Light refreshments were served and all ghosts and goblins and visitors went home early so as to rest through the long ghostly night.

"May we leave all the best wishes for the coming officers of the Club, and hope they will have success." SENIORS.

Class Will

We, the Class of '18 of the Arthur Hill High School, of the City of Saginaw, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby publish, make, and declare the following as and for our last Will and Testament:

I, Merrill Case, do hereby reluctantly give, devise, and bequeath all my views on Socialism to our worthy Janitor; also my coveted position as leader of the said party in the House of Representatives.

I, Hughferd Giesel, being of sound (?) mind, do bequeath my appetite to Harold Brogan.

I, Lucy Loeffler, do devise and bequeath my knowledge of German to Fatty Gugel, to help him in his Senior year with Miss Ascher.

I, R. Dale Law, commonly known as the "class baby," do hereby bequeath to anybody interested all my chances of ever putting Jess Willard to sleep and gaining for myself the heavy-weight championship.

I, Helen McPeak, do devise and bequeath to Miss Nash my curls, on condition that they are not worn in the rain.

Know ye, by all these present, that I, George Strimbeck, of insane mind, do hereby give, devise and bequeath all my surplus good looks as well as dignity to my younger brother, Allen.

I, Evelyn Georgina Needham (being in my right mind), do hereby devise, give and bequeath my good looks, melodious voice and soft heart (now in possession of Bill Brown) to Miss Ethel Clemens.

I, Phyllis Stearns, bequeath my reputation as a book shark to Catherine Heine, on condition that she bear this title with great dignity.

I, Herbert Arndt, do hereby bequeath to Kid Roeser my tremendous ability to preambulate like a jitney bus.

I, Ole Olsen, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby bequeath to any under-graduate my habit of chewing gum, paper-wads and toothpicks in class, also to the Butman-Fish Library a slightly used volume on Sweden.

I, Jennie Roval Dembinski, being sound of wit and sound of body, do hereby bequeath my vivacious personality; also my three great accomplishments, to wit: to dance, to sing, and to play, to any under-classmen whose sole ambition is to climb the social ladder of Arthur Hill.

I, Helen Schumacker, do hereby bequeath and devise my modesty and timidity to one in whom it is sadly lacking, namely, Marion Ames.

I, Tony Sparks, do hereby bequeath and devise, being in a generous state of mind, all my football ability to Roy Spiekerman.

I, Edna Wartenberg, do bequeath to the pessimists of the Junior Class in this, my last will and testament, "Just a little smile."

I, Hazel Carmichael, do hereby bequeath my only stenography book to be auctioned off to the highest bidder, the proceeds of which will be used in purchasing a statue of myself, to inspire future generations.

I, Ethel Richter, being at present of sound mind, do bequeath my 1798-word semester essay, entitled "Camouflage," to Paul Jackson.

I, Helen Goodrow, do solemnly and gladly bequeath my bashfulness to Clare Hackett.

I, Julia Nelson, do hereby bequeath my quietness and indifference to the most needy member of the Junior Class.

I, Nina LaFlair, do hereby in my last will and testament of my high school life, bequeath to June Snow and her three friends my ability to conduct myself in a dignified and unaffected manner in and about high school, also my ability to let other people walk on the sidewalk.

I, Beecher Smith, being of sound (?) mind, do hereby bequeath my undivided heart to Dorothy Green.

I, Marjorie Herrig, bequeath to Violet Tessin my sunny smile, which I have enjoyed for so long, and advise the said person to use it very cautiously.

I, George Schemm, do devise and bequeath my patented prescription for "Shortness" to Miss Nash.

I, Katherine Schoberth, do hereby bequeath my divine blush to Renata Schmidt. May it be as advantageous to her as it was to me.

I, Irma Johnson, do hereby bequeath all my interests in the girls' military training to Dorothy Spaulding.

I, "Ichabod" Alfred Richter, of sane mind, do hereby bequeath my spectacles to any Freshman who in the days to come may wish to acquire the style of beauty for which I am noted.

I, Lisle McKay, hereby do bequeath my title of "Lady Killer," and my over-stock of lady friends, to any needy Junior who may handle them as ably as I have done in the past year.

I, Clarence Hood, philanthropisticly give and bequeath one cent (\$.01) to the Freshmen Pure Milk Fund.

I, Landon Houvener, do hereby bequeath my patented hair tonic to any bone-headed Junior who is interested enough to ask for it.

I, Anne Roby, do hereby bequeath my position as Senior President of the Junior Red Cross to some aspiring Junior.

I, Edna Miller, leave my ability to sculpture to any Freshman who likes to play with mud.

I, Jessie Trim, feminist, do hereby give, devise, and bequeath four quarts of my famous Rose Blush Complexion Cream and the memory of my sunny smile to any lower classman who admired my complexion.

I, Alberta Swan, do hereby give and bequeath to Helen McBratnie my surplus weight to prevent her from floating away in thin air.

I, Dave Stickney, do hereby give, devise and bequeath to one Ralph Schust eight inches of my superfluous length, to be applied from time to time.

I, Esther Gelow, bequeath my unexcelled marks in shorthand to any Junior who may be in need of them.

I, Edwina Elizabeth Smith, do hereby bequeath my long-treasured chamois to any Junior who may possess a shiny nose.

I, Christie Kumbier, do hereby bequeath my reputation as ladies' man to that bashful youth, Wolfred Ocksenkehl.

I, Dick Lange, do hereby give and bequeath my surplus winning mannerisms, good looks, and grey matter (?) to any Sophomore who may need it.

I, Robert Bauer, do hereby devise and bequeath to any enterprising Freshman my life lease on the Arthur Hill High School, also my chances of ever convincing Miss Ascher that I know something about German grammar.

I, Carl Vogt, do hereby bequeath my wonderful memory of the World's Almanac to Miss Morgan.

I, Fay Kempster, being of sound mind, do hereby bequeath my love for gaiety and brilliance to Dorothea Reichle.

I, Ted Kennedy, do hereby bequeath the golden key to Ernestine's heart to anyone who will be worthy to hold such a treasure.

I, Elizabeth Friedlein, do hereby bequeath fifty per cent of my musical ability, my good marks, and my free pass to the teachers' favor to Robena Bates.

I, Grace Enszer, do devise and bequeath my love for study to some deserving Freshman.

I, Josephine Franc, familiarly called "Josie," do hereby give and bequeath my angelic spirit to Marion Brady, hoping that in her Senior year it will keep her from all desire of mischief.

Know ye, by all presents, that I, John D. Gillen, being in mind (??) and body sound, do hereby bequeath to the class of '19 my entire assortment of bow ties and striped socks.

I, the undersigned, herewith bequeath to those deficient in the Junior Class my vast vocabulary of incomprehensible words and immense intellectuality, also my good fellowship toward all men. Arthur Rice.

I, Sara Garner, in this my last will and testament, bequeath to Lawrence Vogt my happy disposition.

I, John Trier, do hereby leave my wads of gum, which I stuck under the bench in the History room, to any Freshman who desires to go to the trouble of finding it.

I, Tena Lorenzen, being of sound mind and legal age, do hereby give, devise and bequeath my career as an actress in A. H. H. S. to Norma Strong.

I, Clarence Graebner, being of sound body and mind, do hereby bequeath all my troubles that I have had with my studies to any lower classman who is having too happy a time.

I, Evelyn Elliott, do hereby devise and bequeath my title of Captain of the girls' basketball team to Elfrida Borosch.

I, George Burrows, bequeath my ability to argue to Miss Davis; may she use it sparingly.

I, Esther Russel, do hereby bequeath my volume of "As You Like It" (valuable notes included) to some prospective Senior.

I, Ella Edwards, do give and devise one pair of sky-blue eyes and one toothpick to Bill Crane.

I, Harry Houck, give and devise my fifty-seven varieties of my best slang to any Junior who lacks the ability to express himself.

I, Doris Redmond, do hereby bequeath to Helen Bernhardt, my hatred of men.

I, Helen Peckover, do hereby bequeath to some foolish Junior, who thinks it necessary to rush through life, my indifferent attitude toward everything under the sun.

I, Perry Gooding, do hereby devise and bequeath my reputation as a "good fellow" to Roy Brenner.

I, Charles Martzowka, do hereby devise and bequeath my love for algebra and geometry to a most able supporter of the same, namely, Arthur Curran.

I, Ethel Gies, being sound of mind and body, do hereby gladly give, devise and bequeath my ability to keep quiet; also my dislike of the male population of this earth, to Miss Dorothy Green.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seal on this twentieth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred eighteen.

Witnesses:

JENNIE ROVAL DEMBINSKI.

ARTHUR HENRY RICE.

NINA LA FLAIR.

Eventually, Why Not Now?

Arthur Hill High School is noted throughout the state for its athletic and scholastic standings. Our fame could be made much greater, however, with the aid of two things, i. e., a chapel and a gymnasium. These two could be combined and be situated in an addition to the south of the present building. There are over four hundred students enrolled in this high school at the present time, and with this large number it is impossible to have all students gathered comfortable and safely in any room in the building for mass meetings or assemblies. For this reason we need an addition to the building to be used as a chapel.

Then, too, the physical training of our students is sadly neglected. Good health is most necessary to the efficient life. It is even more important than education. It is imperative that the student be strong in body to fully make use of the mental training he has received in high school. It is the duty of the Arthur Hill High School to prepare its students for their life work. Then why not train them physically as well as mentally? To do this we need a gymnasium which could be combined with a chapel in an addition to the school.

REMINISCENCES



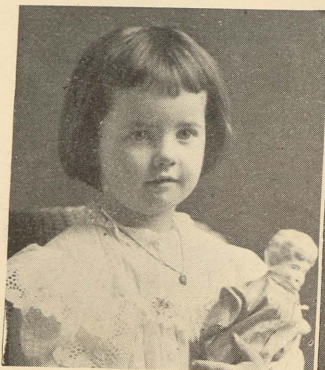
Sarah Garner



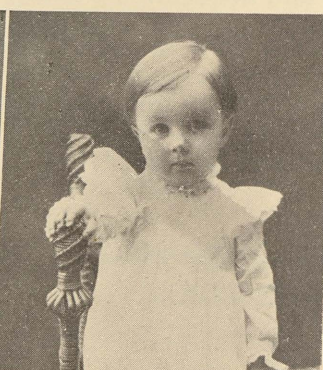
Helen Schumacher



Carl Vogt



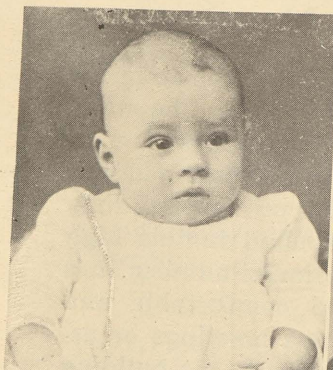
Doris Redmond



Clarence Hood



Fay Kempster



Alberta Swan



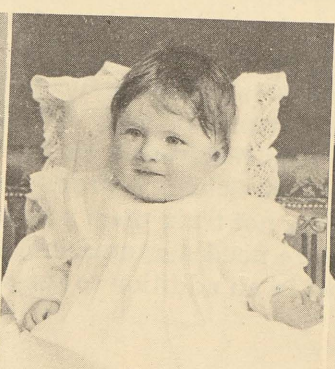
John Gillin



Hazel Carmichael



Clarence Graebner



Elizabeth Friedlein



Tena Lorenzen

More Reminiscences



Christie Kumbier



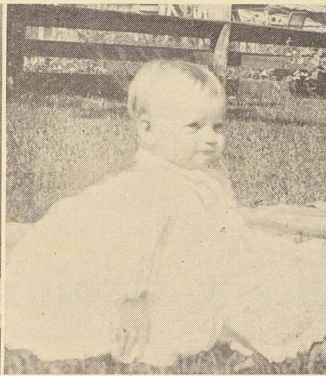
Arthur Rice



Ethel Gies



Katherine Schoberth



Helen Peckover



Marjorie Herrig



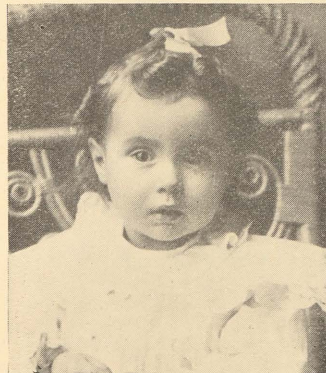
Phyllis Stearns



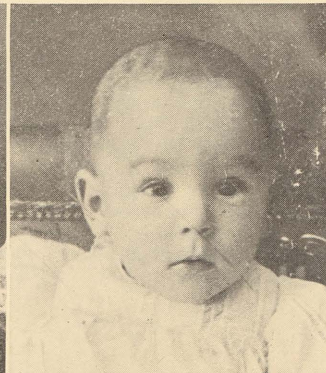
Jennie Dembinski



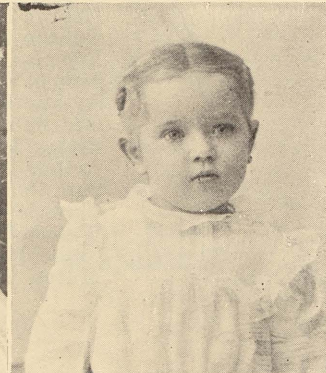
Helen McPeak



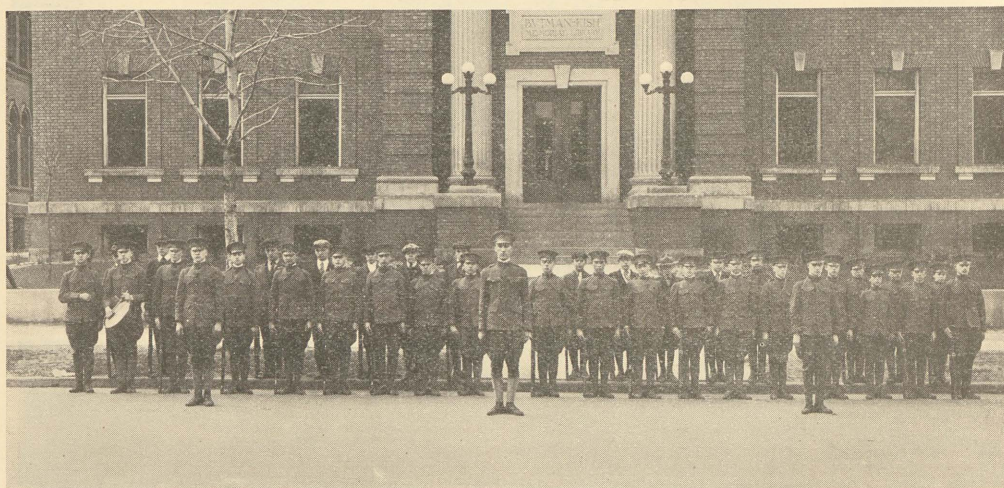
Ethel Richter



Hughferd Geisel



Irma Johnson



Military Training

Military training was not as much a success as it ought to have been this year — and everybody knows why. The average turnout was forty. But with that forty we accomplished a lot. Close order drill took up the first semester. The second semester we had extended order drill, calisthenics, setting up exercises, bayonet manual, hiking, camping, guard duty, advance patrols, rear guards, and many other tactics executed on the march, and we were very successful in all of these.

At the end of school we will take a two weeks' camping trip, using money from the company fund, which we raised by giving dances during the spring months.

A great deal of appreciation and praise are due our officers who commanded us and taught us well, all the movements we undertook. They are as follows:

George H. Fern, Commanding Officer
 George L. Burrows, Captain
 Beecher C. Smith, 1st Lieutenant.
 Merrill Case, 2nd Lieutenant
 Arthur Rice, Top Sergeant
 George Strimbeck, 1st Duty Sergeant
 Ripley Schemm, 2nd Duty Sergeant
 Arthur Brand, Drummer Sergeant
 Seth Jackson, Bugler Sergeant
 Christie Kumbier, Corporal
 Walter Roeser, Corporal
 Claire Hackett, Corporal
 Milton Wagar, Corporal

WHY—You cannot dispute that you owe it to your country to be fit and trained in military tactics.

You cannot deny that you owe it to the honor of your school, which all other high schools are getting ahead of, and you cannot deny that it will do you as much good mentally, morally, and physically, as any sport ever created.

So why not get up and go to it in 1918-19? We can beat Saginaw High as we have in everything else, so why not do it?

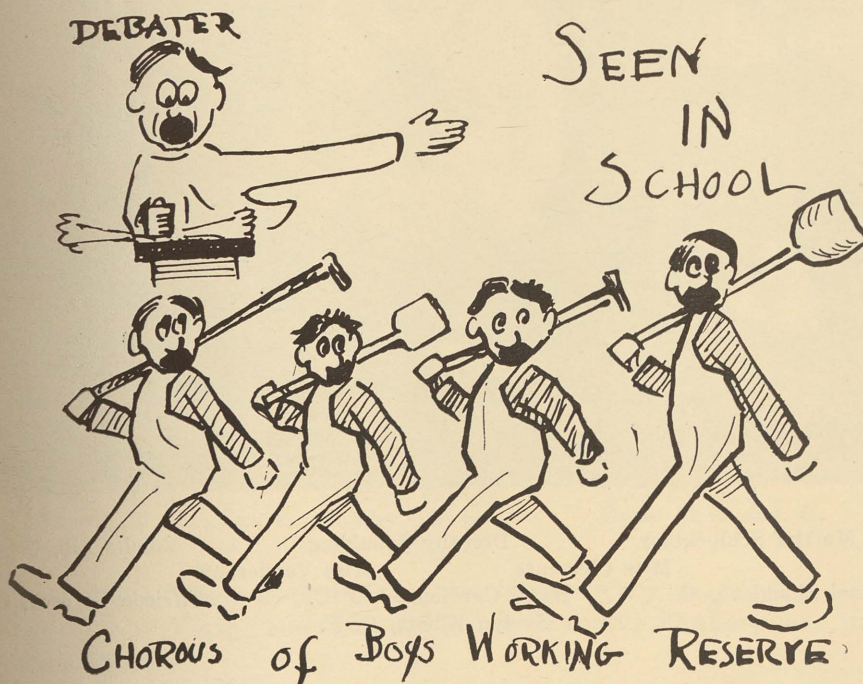
Here is what we want next year:

1. Military training will count credits just as other subjects. 2. All classes will be held the first hour in the morning, from 8:15 to 9:15. 3. It will be a required subject. 4. Any high school or trade school pupil may join provided he is 14 years and 6 months of age, or is 4 feet 11 inches in height. 5. Grades will be given by the commanding officer each day, average to be on report card every month.

Doesn't it sound reasonable? We can all go for athletics in the afternoon, too. And setting up exercises and drill will put you in great trim for the rest of the day.

We intend to frame a petition to the school board and have all loyal Americans in the Arthur Hill sign it.

Get behind this movement and beat Saginaw High to it!





Martha Schluckbier	Dorothy Spaulding	Eulalia Eib, G.
Miss Clements	Miss Vanderhoff	
Hazel Shaddeau, G.	Hazel Carmichael, J. C.	Elfrieda Borosch, G.
	Evelyn Elliott, C. F.	

Girls' Basket Ball

Hard luck, girls, but "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Our schedule was as follows:

S. H. S. 43—A. H. H. S. 4

This game was the first of the season for us, and being green, we were left in the valley of doom, while the Saginaw girls piled the score up sky-high. Our guards, "Jimmie" Eib and "Al" Borosch, certainly had their hands full, but my! didn't they work some! The forwards made all baskets on fouls that night, but were prevented from making any field baskets.

S. H. S. 34—A. H. H. S. 5

The return game with Saginaw showed improvement of our girls. As can be seen by the score, our guards did much better work. The forwards could not show to a very good advantage because the ball rarely came to their end of the floor.

Chesaning 42—A. H. H. S. 6

The last game of the season was played on foreign floor. The Chesaning forwards were so tall that our little guards were unable to make a showing although they displayed fine spirit.

Anyway we ended our unsuccessful basketball season with a very successful party, at which games and dancing were enjoyed, and oh, let's not forget the eats!

"Al" Borosch was elected captain for next year and "Jimmy" Eib and "Dodo" Spaulding as assistants. Only two members of the first team will be absent next year on account of graduation, Hazel Carmichael and Evelyn Elliott, so that the next year will be a very good start.

Under the guidance of Miss Clemens and her efficient assistant, Miss Vanderhoof, the girls are looking forward with high hopes for the next year's season to begin.

Members of the team:

Dorothy Spaulding, F.	Hazel Carmichael, J. C.	Subs.
Evelyn Elliott, C. F.	Elfrieda Borosch, G.	Ruth Byron, F.
Martha Schluckbier, C.	Eulalia Eib, G.	Hazel Shaddeau, G.

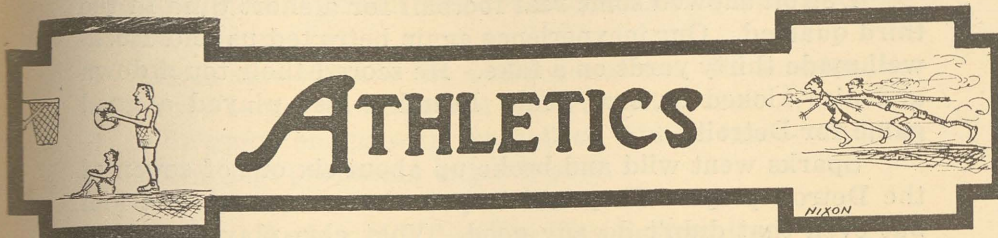
—O—

Hy—"Them doctors is agittin better every year."

Cy—"Yep; I see they are going to revive Shakespeare in New York."



VALLEY CHAMPIONS



Football Notes

Arthur Hill 12 — Lapeer 6

Lapeer came down intending to wipe out a few of their defeats of the past several years, but all they succeeded in doing was to score for the first time in five years. They outweighed us in many places, especially the backfield, but they had a one-man team.

Olsen and Giesel gained yard after yard off end, but someone usually managed to fumble when we got within striking distance of the goal line.

Our star, Olsen, hurt his shoulder in the fourth quarter and was put out of the game for three weeks.

In the second half Lapeer woke up and started to use passes. Our goal line was almost continually in danger, but we held them to one score, which they slipped over on our inexperienced line by a cross buck.

Arthur Hill 7 — Detroit Eastern 7

After angling about for two weeks we finally managed to get a game. It was with Detroit Eastern. Everyone thought that our inexperienced bunch would lose by a big score. This impression wasn't lessened any by a view of their team. One of their tackles weighed more than Schemm and Tallon together and the rest of our team was outweighed man for man.

The Detroit team was out-played most of the game and only in the third quarter did they come close to scoring. We got within their five-yard line three times but could only score once. Giesel carried the ball over close to the sideline and Goldstein kicked the goal from an almost impossible angle.

In the fourth quarter an intercepted pass gave us the ball. A long run by Tallon, a completed pass, and a couple of line smashes put us on the one-yard line. Schemm called a cross buck but McKay fumbled and recovered, but the chance was gone with only three seconds to play.

Detroit showed some real football for a short time in the third quarter. Our inexperience again betrayed us and Rockwell made thirty yards on a fake. He scored their touchdown and also kicked an easy goal. Brandau also played a good game for Detroit.

Sparks went wild and broke up about six out of seven of the Detroit plays. They had to put a new man against him but even that didn't do any good. Vogt also played a good defensive game.

Well, anyway, no one saw the funeral they expected to, and the rather big crowd went home entirely satisfied with the game even though we didn't win.

Arthur Hill 28 — M. S. D. 0

After losing two more regulars our team went down to Flint and ruined the humble Michigan School for the Deaf team. Arthur Hill scored once in each quarter. M. S. D. gained almost at will in midfield, but when they got to our twenty-yard line they couldn't even begin to gain their yards.

Straight line smashes produced two touchdowns, with Giesel and Tallon doing the heavy work. A forward pass to Schemm and a fifty-five-yard run by Tallon made the other two. Goldstein's trained toe produced four goals from touchdown.

Our coach used every man he took down with him and this held the score down.

Arthur Hill 17 — Alma 0

This was one of the best played games of the season. Alma was here for revenge and we were trying to keep up our record. We did. Alma's team was a lot heavier than ours, but we outplayed them all the time. They wasted a lot of downs on trick plays that were only too apparent. Our line worked like a bunch of veterans in this game and Alma seldom made a first down.

We had our strongest team in the field, as Olsen was back in step and Stickney was playing for the first time of the year.

We started the second half with a rush and carried the ball to the eighteen-yard line. Here Alma held us for three downs and Schemm tried a second dropkick. It was almost perfect and started the scoring.

After that we could not be held. We took the ball to the five-yard line, but lost it again. Speakerman blocked Alma's

punt and Stickney recovered the ball for a touchdown. Goldstein kicked goal.

Olsen almost made the next score alone. He smashed the ball to the seven-yard line and then carried it over.

The game ended with the ball on Alma's three-yard line and Olsen just preparing to put it over.

Arthur Hill 0—Bay City Eastern 0

Well, we beat them by a score of humph to nothing.

It was mainly due to Sparks' punting that we were able to hold them as well as we did. Two or three times when we held Eastern for downs near our goal line he kicked fifty or sixty yards into their half of the field.

Eastern only got within our five-yard line once, but that was enough. We forgot to stop them until they reached the six-inch mark. After that we braced and they couldn't get within the ten-yard line.

We were strong in the second quarter. Olsen got away for some good gains and we took the ball to their ten-yard line, but they were too heavy on the goal line.

Schemm tried one drop kick that traveled over forty yards but fell short of the posts.

Sparks and Olsen were the only Arthur Hill men to play football. The rest of us stood around, except when they threatened our goal.

Arthur Hill 7—Flint 6

Flint had a heavier team than we did but we had the goal kicker. Goldstein's kick surely was a pretty one. It wasn't easy either.

We made our score in the first quarter on a pass from Olsen to Stickney. We missed two chances to score in the first half by dropping forward passes. As it was, the half ended with the ball in our possession on Flint's one-yard line.

In the fourth quarter, Schemm missed a dropkick by millimeters. We thought it was over, but the referee didn't. We didn't need it, but the score would have looked better.

Flint pounded its way down to our five-yard line. Here they took four chances and finally put it over. Wilson carried the ball.

Tallon starred in the last seconds of play by a thirty-yard run after catching a pass. He stepped on the sideline though, and could not score. Sparks played a wonderful game. He cracked his shoulder in the first quarter, but wouldn't quit.

Finally he had to be taken out. Olsen as usual played classy football.

Arthur Hill 52 — Bay City Western 0

Bay City Western came down with the weakest team they have had in years and were no match for our boys. Western only made two first downs during the whole game. We tried to equal Saginaw's score, but were only able to get eight touchdowns.

We tried out many substitutes and this kept the score down.

By winning this game we tied Saginaw for the Valley and went to the Thanksgiving Day game undefeated by any Valley school.

Giesel was the bright star in our offense, making two fifty-yard runs and one for seventy, to say nothing of many for twenty-five or less. Tallon came through with several forty-yard runs, but was unable to score. Olsen and Schemm did good work in advancing the ball.

Bay City had nothing except a good fullback, Soderstrum.

Arthur Hill 0 — Owosso 46

The less said the better.

Arthur Hill 0 — Saginaw Eastern 0

Covered with mud and glory!

Though we were outplayed, we were not outfought, and that's where our strong point was. A steady fight, never letting up, never taking a big chance, and never making a mistake.

Saginaw gained about three hundred yards to our negative fifty, and we held them. Saginaw weighed ten pounds more than we did, and still we held them. They were on our six-inch line once, and we held them. That's the whole story of the game.

Stickney kicked off to Saginaw's twenty-yard line. Brown ran it back ten yards. After that they made first down three times in a row, but a penalty and a bad pass put the ball on the seven-yard line. Buetow punted and the rest of the quarter was featureless.

The second quarter was all Saginaw's. They threatened three times, once on the fifteen-yard line and twice within the ten. A fumble, a stonewall defense, and an incomplete pass saved us.

The third quarter was the only one in which we had any advantage. A punt rolled over Saginaw's line and Weadock tried to run it out. Giesel stopped him behind the goal line and we thought it was a safety, but the referee ruled differently. Both teams were about evenly matched in this period as Buetow was jerked and a substitute put in his place. He had time taken out for him two or three times before he was taken out. He was trying to run with the ball and jump Olsen at the same time, but that was impossible even for Buetow. Ole hit him low and Buetow turned a flip, landed on his neck and lay still.

He came back in the fourth quarter and Saginaw immediately started a big drive. Aided by a big penalty they brought the ball to the five-yard line for a first down. First, Schmidt, then Buetow, then Weadock, and lastly Schmidt tried to put it over, but their combined efforts failed by six inches of winning the game.

After that Saginaw tried pass after pass, but only one was completed. The game ended with the ball on Saginaw's forty-five-yard line.

Considering the condition of the field the game was well played. There were very few fumbles and slips on both sides. The only way the field conditions affected either team was by slowing up the attack. The mud got on Saginaw's nerves less than on ours because of their weight.

This was the last game for Olsen. He certainly played one worth remembering. He was at the bottom of every play and did more to hold Saginaw than any other player on our team.

Stickney also put up a peach of a game, blocking Buetow's only attempt at a field goal, and breaking many plays directed at his end.

Giesel was our dark horse. Playing defensive end for the first time in his life, he stopped every single play around his end.

There I go naming the stars of the game. If I named them all I'd name the whole team, so what's the use.

Saginaw had its best possible team in the field, and every player but one, Buetow, was in good condition, but they lacked the fight that our boys had.

Schmidt played his best game of the season and seldom failed to gain except when the gains meant scores.

Stickney	L. E.	Haskins
Sparks	L. T.	Brown
Adsit	L. G.	Huss
Vogt	C.	Wallace
Goldstein	R. G.	Austin
Spiekerman	R. T.	Buetow
McKay	R. E.	Whitney
Schemm	Q. B.	Weadock
Olsen	R. H.	McCorkle
Sperry	L. H.	Kaufman
Giesel	F. B.	Schmidt

Substitutes—Tallon for Sperry, R. Schemm for Stickney, Stickney for R. Schemm, Sperry for Tallon, Lange for G. Schemm, Murray for Goldstein, Egloff for Buetow, Buetow for Egloff.

THE SEASON RECORD.

Arthur Hill 12	Lapeer 6
Arthur Hill 7	Detroit Eastern 7
Arthur Hill 28	M. S. D. 0
Arthur Hill 17	Alma 0
Arthur Hill 0	B. C. E. 0
Arthur Hill 7	Flint 6
Arthur Hill 52	B. C. W. 0
Arthur Hill 0	Owosso 46
Arthur Hill 0	Eastern 0
<hr/>			
Arthur Hill 123	Opponents 65
Won		Tied	Pct.
5	1	3	.833

There's the record. It's as good as the best of the last few years. From a team that was expected to win less than half the games came the Valley champions.

A team that was outweighed in every game, outplayed in four, outlucked in one, but outfought in none, won all but one of its games from teams of equal or higher class.

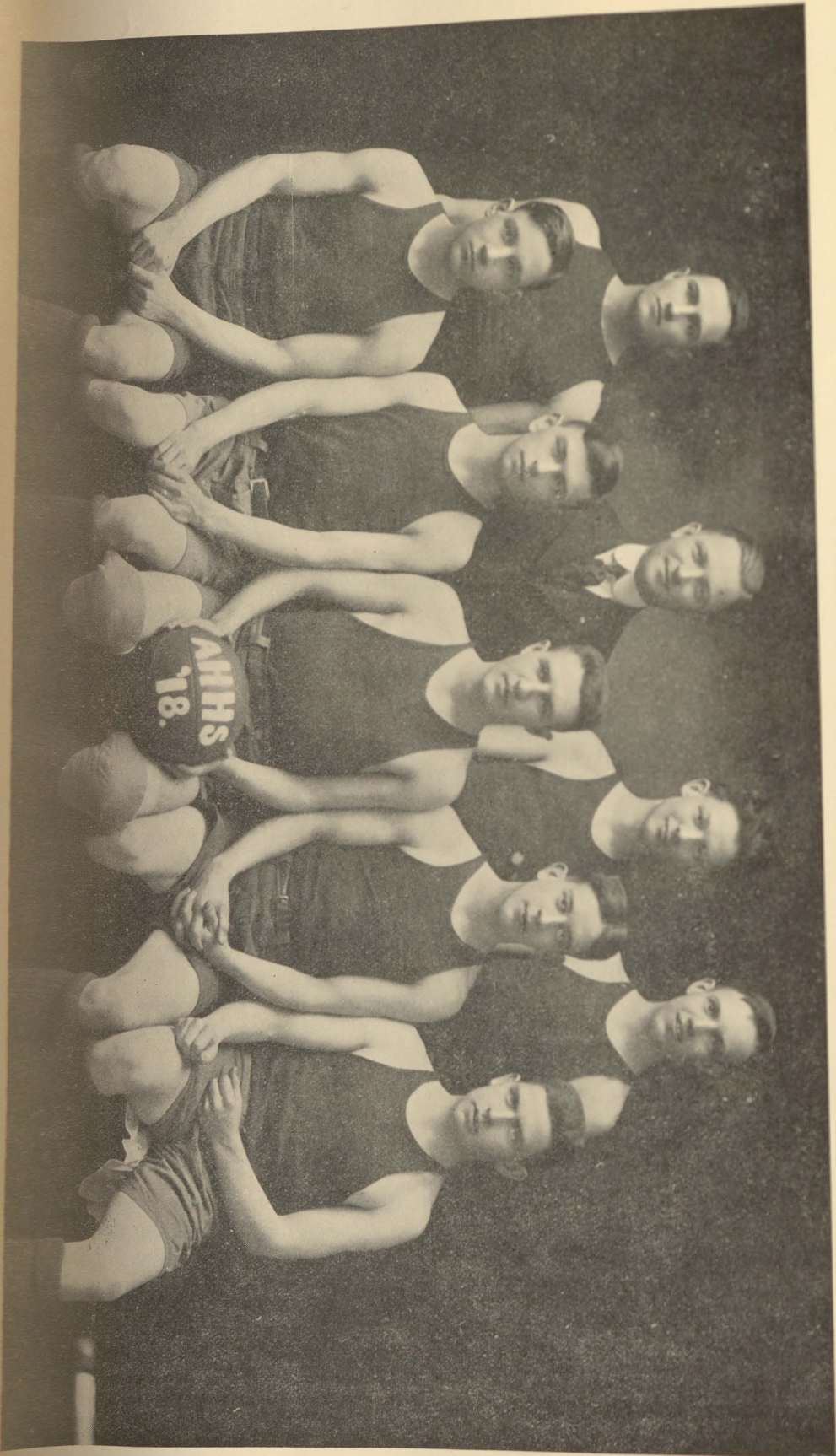
This was largely due to the coaching we had. Dr. R. H. Peterson, in the face of poor prospects, put out a team entirely fit to represent Arthur Hill.

HOW THE VALLEY FINISHED.

	Won	Lost	Tied	
Arthur Hill 2	0	2	1.000
Saginaw 2	1	1	.667
Eastern 2	1	1	.667
Western 2	2	0	.500
Flint 0	4	0	.000

MAC '18.

BASKETBALL TEAM



Basketball Notes

When the season opened it looked as though we were to have the best team in history. The main thing that stopped us was tough luck. Before our two big games with Western we lost a guard, Olsen the first time, and then Giesel. Besides this, we lost Graebner by sickness.

Another thing that stopped us was the fact that we were forced to change horses while crossing a river. Dr. R. H. Peterson, our first coach, answered the call to the colors. This was after our third game. Then we got the best coach an Arthur Hill team ever had. Coach Crandall tried to teach us a different style of play that that we were used to, and we were too dense to get it for several weeks. After getting this down so that we remembered it (except when we needed it) we won more games.

At the start of the season we had Capt. Stickney, McKay, Bauer, Giesel and Olsen. Graebner and Clark also looked good. But as our record shows, we couldn't win games.

Arthur Hill 60 — Alumni 61

After a couple hours of play the scorer decided to call time. It so happened that the Alumni was ahead and the school lost. The Alumni surely looked good on their offense and instead of wilting in the second half they came back stronger than ever.

The first half, as is usual in such cases, lasted twenty minutes, but the last one — it alone took nearly an hour to play.

Earl Brooks, former Arthur Hill team, did most of the work for the Has-beens. He alone made twelve baskets and four fouls.

Goodsell showed that he had not lost any of his old cunning by snaring seven baskets from the field.

Stickney and McKay starred for the school.

Arthur Hill 60 — M. S. D. 22

After adding the weight of the players of each team to their batting average and dividing it by thirteen it developed that we had scored sixty points to M. S. D.'s twenty-two.

McKay got twelve baskets, Stickney five, Bauer four, and Giesel and Olsen three each.

Captain Zieske got most of the points for Flint.

Arthur Hill 9 — Flint 19

The Flint floor was larger than ours and we couldn't get used to the baskets until it was too late. We missed Bauer and could not work the ball down the floor. Flint uncovered a good pair of guards that held us to two baskets.

The referee helped quite a bit by not knowing the rules.

Blanchard was just about Flint's whole offense as he got all but six points for Flint.

Our forwards were way off form in basket-shooting.

Arthur Hill 26 — Saginaw 15

We got a good start all right, but then we stopped with the score six to nothing in our favor. Then Saginaw got started and the half ended with them on top, 12 to 7.

In the second half, Giesel started it with a basket. After that it was just a question as to who would get the most baskets for Arthur Hill. Saginaw wasn't even in it. Near the end of the half they got a basket.

Stickney made some good shots and got five baskets. Olsen and Giesel guarded well and Graebner was always in the thick of it.

The crowd got behind the team between halves and the yells certainly helped win the game.

Arthur Hill 24 — Bay City Eastern 18

It was the first time in history that an Arthur Hill team won a game in the Bay City "Y." We outplayed them all the way except for the last five minutes, when Rehmus got five baskets. The score was 22 to 6 then, so it didn't make much difference.

Olsen played a peach of a game at forward and also found time to play around their basket once in a while. Giesel came through with three baskets just when they were needed.

The score at the half was Arthur Hill 11, Eastern 4.

Quite a few supporters went down with the team and made it feel at home.

Arthur Hill 26 — Bay City Western 30

It would be against human nature for us to win twice in Bay City, so we obligingly lost this game to Western. Western got the jump and piled up a big lead before we remembered there was a game. At the end of the first half the score was 19 to 7, with us down below.

In the second half we staged a come-back. From 7 to 19 we brought the score up to 26 to 28, only to have the time-keeper beat us. We had at least six shots to Western's one and still couldn't make them count.

Every Arthur Hill man scored at least once, but that wasn't enough.

McKay made six baskets and Stickney three.

Arthur Hill 22 — Flint 31

Flint came down with the best team they ever had and ruined our championship hopes.

Our defense worked well, but the Flint forwards made long shots as easily as short ones so our defense didn't do much good.

Our basket shooting was a sadly missing quality and though we had many chances we could not come through. Bauer was our only man that could come within yards of the basket. Stickney had his hands full trying to help our guards and did not try to score often.

Flint took an eight-point lead at the start but our boys overcame all but one point of that by the end of the half. We were ahead early in the second half 11 to 10. The last time we were ahead was at 19 to 18. Then Flint sewed up the game.

The referee was not as close as he might have been and our boys thought they got the worst of it by a big margin.

Arthur Hill 21 — Saginaw 14

We went back into the win column by trouncing Saginaw 21 to 14. We outclassed them far more than the score shows. They never even tied the score after we made our first basket.

Saginaw showed a little of their old unsportsmanlike spirit in the first half. They had shirts which were the same color as ours and they refused to wear white even though they were the home team. This slowed up the game and made it hard for the referee to call fouls. In the second half they changed to white for we had received the only advantage from the colors.

It was the roughest game of the season. Each team seemed to be thirsting for the other's blood. In some cases it almost came to personal combat before the players were separated.

Bauer played the best game of his life. He was in every part of the floor. He broke up about half of Saginaws passes and in addition made four baskets.

Morley and McKnight were Saginaw's best bets.

Arthur Hill 41 — Bay City Eastern 25

Well, we won two games in a row. Both Valley games at that. Now we were within slipping distance of the Valley cup. We slipped to ——— (censored.)

Eastern didn't have a chance. We started with a rush and at the half the score was 29 to 11. We simply couldn't miss the basket. Giesel came through with some swell shots in this half.

The second half was different. We didn't need any more baskets but we got one or two for luck. Eastern actually beat us in this half 14 to 12.

Wisniewski was Eastern's big scorer getting four baskets.

Bauer made five baskets, Giesel three, and Stickney two. McKay went crazy and got eight baskets and five in five fouls.

Arthur Hill 23 — Lansing 39

I guess we thought we couldn't lose. Lansing didn't agree with us though. We blew up for about five minutes of the second half. Most of the game was about even, but we were clearly outclassed in this half.

The game was fast though a little bit rough. The Lansing forwards were especially fast.

Stickney was our only man who played any kind of game. He got six baskets from the field, many of them on long hard shots.

Giesel played a good game until he was taken out of the game with a twisted knee.

Arthur Hill 14 — Bay City Western 21

Now all we had to do to tie for the Valley championship was to beat Western. Nothing to do till tomorrow. We showed them a good time though and they knew that they had played a game. Both teams were experienced and a mighty fast game was the result. Western showed the most speed for a short time in the second half and ran up several baskets while we were standing still.

Olsen scored first on a long, pretty shot. Then Western got going and by the time the half was over the score was 9 to 6.

We never really threatened in the second half. Western ran the score up to 15 to 6 before we knew the half had started. We only regained two of the points that Western got here.

Bay City's play was featured by their "Big Three," Lentz, Pacynski, and Soderstrom.

Captain Stickney finished his athletic career in a blaze of glory. He played the best game of his life, getting the jump nearly every time. His defensive work was also very good.

Bauer played his last game for Arthur Hill and it was some game. He was in the thick of the fight in every play and it was largely due to his work that we held them to 21 points.

Olsen and Graham played a wonderful game and held Western to their lowest score of the season.

McKay played a good scoring game at forward.

The referee, Dr. Osterheld, came as close to perfect in his decisions as any one who has ever refereed a game for Arthur Hill. The crowd of over four hundred, the biggest of the season, went home satisfied that it had seen a game that was fair to both teams, a game in which the best team won.

The score:

McKayF.....	Pacynski
BauerF.....	Lentz
StickneyC.....	Lisk
OlsenG.....	Spencer
GrahamG.....	Soderstrum

Score first half—Western 9, Arthur Hill 6. Final score—Western 21, Arthur Hill 14. Field baskets—McKay 3, Olsen, Pacynski 3, Lentz 3, Soderstrum 2, Lisk. Fouls—McKay 6 in 10, Lentz 1 in 5, Pacynski 2 in 3. Referee—Osterheld, Colgate.

THE SEASON RECORD.

Arthur Hill 60	Alumni 61
Arthur Hill 60	M. S. D. 22
Arthur Hill 9	Flint 19
Arthur Hill 26	Eastern 15
Arthur Hill 24	B. C. Eastern	... 18
Arthur Hill 26	B. C. Western	.. 30
Arthur Hill 22	Flint 31
Arthur Hill 21	Eastern 14
Arthur Hill 41	B. C. Eastern	... 25
Arthur Hill 23	Lansing 39
Arthur Hill 14	B. C. Western	.. 21

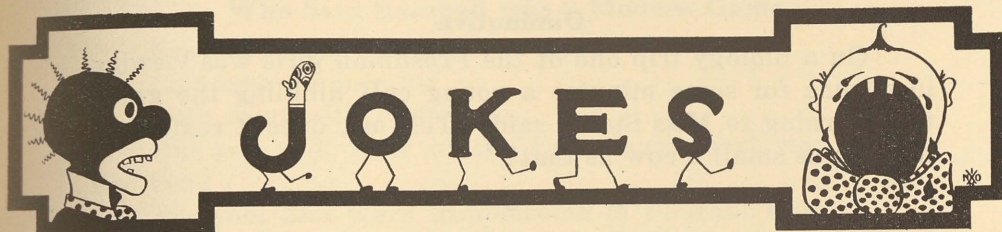
Arthur Hill326	Opponents295
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Won 5

Lost 6

Pct. .455

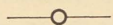
MAC '18.



Mrs. Davis was giving a luncheon. Observing that one of the guests had eaten all his portion of ice cream, said: "My dear Mr. Giesel, do let me give you some more of the ice cream."

"Well, thanks," said the young man. "I will take some more; but only just a mouthful, please."

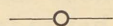
"Hilda," said Mrs. Davis to the maid, "fill Mr. Giesel's plate."



His Own Fault

Merrill—"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

Mr. Reins—"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."



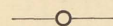
A Short Perch

Miss Coney—"Give me an example of a word which requires a hyphen."

Perry Gooding—"Bird-cage."

Miss Coney—"Tell us why we put a hyphen in bird-cage."

P. G.—"For the bird to sit on."

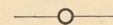


The Feminine View

Jennie—"Why did the recruiting officer turn Bill down?"

Evelyn—"On account of his eyes."

Jennie—"Why, I think he has beautiful eyes, don't you?"



Nina—"They say the more corn bread you eat, the better your complexion will be."

Dick—"Then I wonder that Hoover doesn't arrest Midge for hoarding it all."

Diminutive

On a biology trip one of the Freshman girls was viewing in silence for some minutes a young calf nibbling the grass, then turning to Miss Steere said, "Tell me, does it really pay to keep as small a cow as that?"

—○—

On the Safe Side

Hazel—"And did you slap the impudent fellow's face and not let him kiss you?"

Jennie—"No, goosie, I let him kiss me first."

—○—

Beech Smith—"Do your folks ever have family prayers before breakfast?"

Hughferd Giesel—"No, we have prayers only when we are going to bed. We aren't afraid in the day time."

—○—

Christie—"But you see, there is no reason why I shouldn't enlist."

Parson G.—"Why, Christie, your girl would miss you dreadfully, whereas the Germans couldn't possibly miss you."

—○—

Esther—"How did Blanche and John become engaged?"

Josephine—"He asked her to take him seriously, and she did."

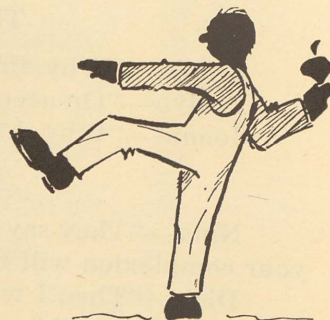
—○—

Beno—"Telephones are great time-savers, aren't they?"

Evelyn—"Well, that depends upon who calls you up."

—○—

Miss Franklin (assigning Chemistry lesson)—"Tomorrow we take arsenic."



SPRING ATHLETICS
(REVISED VERSION)

Who Said Baseball was a Modern Game

Eve stole first, Adam stole second.
Cain made a base hit.
Ruth went with a pitcher.
Did you ever hear of the Egyptians' short stop at the
Red Sea?
The foul flies were troublesome in Pharoah's time.
The Prodigal Son made a home run.
David struck out Goliath.
A slave fanned Pharoah.
Ruth and Naomi did good work in the field.
Judas was a base man.
Noah put the dove out on a fly.

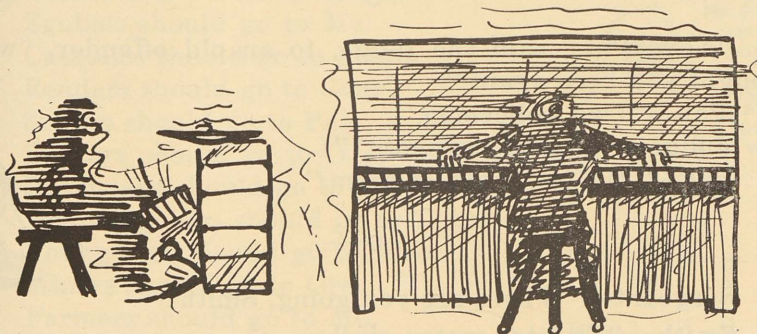
Sex Stuff

A woman her thorax exposes,
And wears a gown up to her shins;
While men are all blowing their noses
And bundled clear up to their chins.
'Twould put a poor guy on the hummer
To wear such a costume as her's;
But right in the middle of summer
Her neck will be swaddled in furs.

At Senior Play

Miss Coney—"Hey, there! Run up that curtain, will
you?"

Ted—"Say, I'm acting as a stage-hand, not a squirrel."



HIGH SCHOOL JAZZ BAND

W BRAND

Procrastinating Arthur

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, pardon me!" said Arthur, as he stooped to pick up her books. But, as usual, he was too slow. Before he could get his husky frame in action, she had quickly picked up her books and passed on, saying sweetly as she left, "Oh, that's all right," and then added with a sense of humor and slight touch of sarcasm, "Locomotives should whistle at every turn." He had been sauntering down the hall, late to class, thinking of nothing, when she had suddenly popped around the corner. Since Arthur was as human as any man, the sudden appearance of a beautiful girl set his thinking machinery all awlirl and the tandrums continued for some time after she disappeared.

A slap on the back jarred back his thoughts into action and he heard a friendly voice say, "Well, Art, just waking up? Some birdie! No hopes for you, old man, you're too darn slow!"

"Who is she?"

"Why, man, that's Dorothy Donaldson! She's been here since March. She's some chicken, believe me! The fellows are wild over her. 'Twon't do you any good to dream, Art; Ted Bucko is the lucky guy."

"Huh, that so" grunted Art. He walked on.

Art could have kicked himself all over the grounds. That sweet bunch of innocence had been here since March and this was the first time he had seen her. Had he been sleeping for the last three months? Evidently, yes!

Picture to yourself a girl more beautiful than your favorite movie queen, with the form of a Diana and the gracefulness of a nymph, with a smile that thrills you till emotions of ecstasy race up and down your spinal column, with laughing eyes that make you dream of Paradise, and with a voice as soothing as spring zephyrs and sweet as heavenly music, and you will know why Arthur flunked every lesson that day; why—for the first time in his life—he could not and would not eat; why, that evening, even ice cream tasted like straw.

But let us go back a day in this story and get better acquainted with Arthur.

CHAPTER II.

Not that Arthur was a lazy chap—not at all. Merely slow. Good intentions, good morals, good ideas, and all that; but—just slow.

No one expected him to be on time. If he had an appointment at seven, he would arrive at eight. He would usually ap-

pear at college a half hour after classes started. Never did he study until the night before examinations. He always got up too late for breakfast; however, at dinner and supper he made up for lost time. It can be said, much to his credit, that he seldom missed the benediction at church or the final love scenes of a good picture show. On an average, so people say, he missed half the fun of living. And yet he didn't seem to care. In fact, he enjoyed immensely his manner of living. The fellows humored his shortcoming, and even his girl friends didn't complain. "Why should they?" he reasoned. "I spend a pile of money on them and keep them good-natured. That's all they want! If I were on time I would have to spend a half hour or so perusing the family album or talking war to the old man—for girls must primp!" And so, kind reader, you have met Procrastinating Arthur.

He had intended to make a certain resolution last New Year's. June the tenth came and he had not made it, as yet. Still, he always did as he intended, sooner or later; so that evening he set himself to the task of framing a New Year's resolution.

It was the same old resolution as the years before. There really was no need of writing it. He never would forget it. But he had decided last New Year's to write it down and post it in a conspicuous place. So he wrote, "I hereby resolve Never to Hurry," and placed the paper on top of his desk. His task was accomplished, so he went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

Even the unusual event of falling in love had not altered Arthur's disposition. He was the same slow, Procrastinating Arthur. Not until he had dreamed away two precious hours of that evening did he awake to the fact that he must get busy if his dreams were to come true. This was Wednesday night. Friday was the last day of college. Friday night was the Farewell party of the Gama Phi. He would take her to the Farewell party. Having so decided, he proceeded to inform her over the telephone of his plans. True, they had not been introduced. What of that? A Gama Phi man needed no introduction at college. Fortunately, she answered the phone.

"Hello! Is this Miss Donaldson?"

"Yes."

"This is Arthur Bartlett talking. Though we have never been formally introduced, we have met, have we not?"

"Oh, this is the locomotive, is it not? Yes, perhaps we have."

"I would very much like the pleasure of taking you to the Gama Phi Farewell party Friday evening."

"Thank you, Mr. Bartlett, but I promised to go with Ted Bucko some time ago. I'm sorry."

"You're a cheerful liar," thought Arthur, "after a man's defeated you rub it in by telling him you're sorry." But he didn't say that. Oh, no! The usual trite phrase rolled from his lips. It was, "Perhaps I may have the pleasure some other time." Somehow, he could not think of anything else to say, so up went the receiver, and up into the air went Arthur.

What was he going to do? Monday was graduation. Tuesday Miss Donaldson would probably return to her home. Saturday his folks were coming for the Graduation exercises. Friday she was going to the Farewell party with Bucko. Tomorrow night was his only chance. Where could he take her? What was going on in town tomorrow night? His landlord was sawing wood behind the evening paper. Arthur borrowed it and incidentally saved it from being blown to pieces. Picture shows, picture shows, nothing but picture shows. Ah! here we are! San Carlo Grand Opera here Thursday night in a presentation of Aida. Seats, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00; box seats, \$5.00. I'll take her to the opera! It wouldn't look right to call her up now. It's too late, anyway — eleven bells. I'll call her up in the morning.

CHAPTER IV.

Yes, Procrastinating Arthur possessed an alarm clock! A faithful one it was. Every morning at seven it assured the people at the breakfast table that Arthur was sleeping soundly. This particular morning a hundred Big Bens could not have disturbed his dreams. Again they collided in the hall. Again he stooped to pick up her books, and landed on his head — as he fell out of bed. This rather rude awakening impressed him with the fact that it was time to get up. He stared at the alarm clock. Eight-fifteen! Downstairs he went, bed-quilts and all. "She left five minutes ago," said the lady at the other end of the line. Nor could he find her in college that morning.

At last! Once more he heard her voice at the telephone. He had tried four times that noon; consequently missed his dinner. Yes! It was rather short notice, but she would go. Rip-Ba-Zoo!

What did he care about eating. He must make arrangements for the great event. Of course, they must have box seats. There goes ten dollars, plus one dollar war tax; taxi, four dollars; flowers, three dollars; refreshments at the Arcadia, three dollars; tips and incidentals, one dollar. Twenty-two dollars! Even an angel costs money. But money was a trivial thing with him. Didn't he get twenty-five dollars allowance from dad every Monday? But how much has he now?

Whereupon he proceeded to count his worldly possessions: four dollars and twenty-six cents, two street car tickets, and a one-cent postage stamp. Ye gods! That was his last allowance! And he owed the landlady six dollars, to say nothing of the fifteen bucks he borrowed of the fellows at school. The flowers he could have charged, but the rest required the cash. Did it worry Arthur? Not a bit! He knew he could borrow it in school that afternoon. He would tackle Casey and Bob for eight bones apiece. Neither of them were in his afternoon classes. He would see them on the way home, he thought. And so he did.

Casey would have been glad to help him but he had only ten dollars to his name and needed them to take Ruth to the Farewell party. Bob would have been even more willing than Casey to do such a small favor for Arthur, but unfortunately, his entire fortune consisted of seventeen cents. Chet LeVan, the other member of the group, would loan him eighty dollars if he had it, but just now he was trying to borrow money to pay his board bill. So getting aid from that bunch was all off. He must seek new fields for gold mines. Whither should he go? Ah! an idea—the pawnshop. (Tut, tut, gentle reader, never before had our hero thought of such a thing.)

“It’s quarter to five,” warned the alarm clock. “Plenty of time,” said Arthur. Where is a pawnshop, anyhow? I’ll have to dig up some buried place in Hunkyville or the fellows will find me out and squeal to Dorothy.

Five o’clock found our prospector in the rush. Using a suitcase for advance guard, he crowded into a Madison street car. What in thunder made that car move so slow. There must be something wrong. It always had made good time whenever he had been on it. Why don’t it skip stops? At this rate he never will get to the end of the line; yet he must get there, for there was his gold mine.

“How far to the end of the line?” he asked the shareholder of his strap.

“A mile and a quarter. It’s—” But he was gone.

The passengers chuckled as they saw him start racing down the track, as though the car were a demon pursuing him. Had they known that he was Procrastinating Arthur, they would not have believed their eyes.

On and on sped our locomotive. The suitcase played the role of caboose. The street car was lost in the distance. He was nearing the pawnshop. A shriveled piece of humanity was in the road. He jammed in the brakes and whistled loud. Too late! A collision! Acting as a wrecker, the locomotive picked up the man and set him on his feet.

"Where is Oseroski's pawnshop?" demanded Arthur of the frightened man.

"I am Oseroski," gasped the Jew. "That is my shop." He pointed to the dark building which he had just locked and left. "You want for to pawn something?" A sudden eagerness was noticeable in his whining voice. "I go back with you."

The Jew led the way with surprising alertness, and soon was established behind his counter examining the things that Arthur was handing to him. "Bah! Dat suit's no good. Too big in the soldiers. I give you four dollars for it. No more!"

"But I paid thirty dollars for it! It's a tailored suit, too."

"You paid too much for it."

"What will you give me for these books." He produced four or five text books, a dictionary, a book on hypnotism, and several humorous novels.

"'Argumentation and Debate.' Bah! who reads that? 'Advanced Physics,' 'College Rhetoric,' I buy 'em to make fire. Dictionary too old. I give you one dollar and twenty-five cents for 'em all."

"Neckties! Colors too funny! Nobody wants 'em. I give you seventy-nine cents for 'em."

"Gold ring. Bah! It looks like brass. I give you fifty-four cents. I tell you what I do. I give you eight dollars and seventy-five cents for everything — satchel and all."

"But I've got to raise fifteen dollars before seven-thirty this evening."

"Eight seventy-five. Take 'em or leave'em!"

He held out the money.

Arthur glanced at the clock. 6:15. He did some quick thinking. It took the street car thirty minutes to get there. It would take thirty minutes to get back. That would leave him forty-five minutes in which to shave, dress, eat, raise five dollars and seventy-four cents, and call for Dorothy. He had nothing else to pawn for the rest of his things he had packed in his trunk and sent home, not expecting to need them till he returned home.

Someone has simply GOT to loan him \$5.99. He must get back to civilization as soon as possible and collect it.

"Any taxies around here?" he asked.

"Taxi!" exclaimed the horrified man. "You pawn everything you have to ride in taxies! No taxi in Hunkyville! Vat you dink this is, Chicago bully-ward, you silly—" He stopped suddenly, for Arthur had grabbed the money and darted out of the door.

Standing in the doorway, the Jew chuckled knowingly as he watched Arthur chase the street car several blocks before catching it.

CHAPTER V.

All Arthur's creeds and all his deeds couldn't stop the rapid passing of time. It was 6:50 when he reached his room. Judging from the speed with which he proceeded he evidently had a definite plan in mind.

There was such a racket and disturbance in his room that the boarders, the landlord, the landlady, and the children held a consultation to decide whether to send for the doctor or the police. Suddenly Arthur tore through the room where they were holding their grave consultation. His face was covered with lather and a shaving brush was in his hand.

"Oh, see the foam," screamed the youngest child. "He's mad, mamma. He's got hyperfobia!"

By that time Arthur was ringing the phone vigorously.

"Hello! Central, give me 3147-J."

(A minute later.) "Central, are you ringing 3147-J?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ring them again."

"Yes, sir."

(Half a minute later.) "Hello!"

"Hello! Is this Park's residence?"

"Yes."

"Is Sport there?"

"No, he isn't home this evening. Any message you wish to leave?"

"No, thank you."

Through the astonished crowd he rushed and up to his room.

Down he came again, with a razor in his hand.

"Mamma!" yelled the next to the youngest, "he's going to submit suicide!"

Again he was at the phone, holding the receiver in one hand and the razor in the other.

"Central, give me 822."

"Hello! Is this Park's residence?"

"Yes."

"Is Harold there?"

He was now, with his right hand, dexterously wielding the razor over his lathered face.

"He just left a few minutes ago. He said he was going to the opera tonight."

"All right. Good-bye."

He slammed the receiver down with considerable force, forgetting that he was shaving; consequently he jarred his other hand and made a beautiful light cut from ear to chin.

Again through the consternated committee he rushed.

At the sight of the blood dripping from his face and neck, the landlady fainted. The committee adjourned to take care of the landlady, with the exception of James, the star boarder. The latter immediately telephoned for the police to come and get Arthur Bartlett at once, for he had gone insane and was trying to commit suicide.

With two leaps and a bound Arthur was again downstairs and at the phone. The star boarder saw him coming, rushed out of the front door, dove over the railing and hid behind some rose bushes. It could plainly be seen that Arthur was getting desperate.

Should he call up and postpone the engagement? What excuse could he give? Sick? He never had been sick a day in his life and no one would believe him now. No excuse would do, for the fellows knew he didn't have the cash and Ted Bucks would tell Dorothy immediately. He simply must keep the engagement or lose Dorothy's friendship and his reputation at college.

He yelled at central, "Give me 4211, quickly."

"Hello! Ted Bucko?"

"Yes."

"Art Bartlett talking. Say, Ted, I'm desperate. Will you loan me \$8.00 till tomorrow?"

"'Smatter?"

"I've simply got to have it, that's all!"

"So you can take Dorothy to grand opera, eh? Not with my money, old boy! Nothing doing! See?"

"Go to Halifax with your money, then," yelled Arthur, "I'll get her anyway!"

"Zip! Boom!" He was back in his room.

He must get ready and get away before the police got there. He splashed everything within five feet with water in an effort to wash. He ducked his head in water, whirled the towel about his head, sprinkled alum on the cut and proceeded to sort out his clothes.

"Where was that clean collar?" He jerked the drawers out, and fired out the contents. He turned over table and chairs, and dumped everything out of his desk. He started to tear the bed to pieces when he spied the innocent collar together with his shirt and tie, lying amiable at the foot of the bed where he had laid them two hours ago. Across the foot of the bed was his evening suit and on the floor his new Walk-overs.

Hark! He heard footsteps on the stairs. The police were coming up. He grabbed his clothes and sent them down the laundry chute to the basement.

"Should he give up? Never."

He decided to fight his way through. He rushed to the head of the stairs. The stairway was lined with policemen. The first one, a lumbering Scotchman, was at the head of the stairs. He reached for Arthur's coat collar. Arthur grabbed a sled in the nursery near by, and, like a shot from a gun, coasted down the carpeted stairs, knocking the legs out from under the policemen as he went down. He crawled out of the mass of legs and arms at the bottom of the stairs. Out of the door he rushed, grabbing his hat as he went. He ran half-way around the block, and came back down the alley. Cautiously he entered the back door and went directly down the nearby stairs to the cellar. Soon he was pulling out his clothes from the laundry chute. He could hear voluminous oaths and ejaculations above him. Evidently the police were not in the best of humor, and did not know where to look for him. He dressed in double-quick time and left by the same route that he came. Then he started on a dead run for Dorothy's.

As he approached her home with thirteen dollars in his pocket, with which to pay \$19.00 expenses, with the police force of the city searching for him, with that lovely cut on his face, and with the feeling that his clothes were not on right, he thought he was the most miserable man in the world. He failed utterly to appreciate the fact that that he was about to take the prettiest girl in college to grand opera.

He rang the door-bell as though he were summoning the devil to come and take his soul.

"So kind of you to take me to grand opera on my birthday," greeted Dorothy, when finally she came down. She was a vision of loveliness. Poor Arthur was dazed and spellbound, yet he realized she had mentioned that today was her birthday. That meant that he would be expected to take her to Siebel's on the way back from opera and he must buy her an expensive birthday present. More expense and no way to get cash!

After paying for the taxi and the tickets, Arthur found he had fifty-three cents left.

Finally they were seated at the theater and the orchestra began playing. Though the music was grand and Dorothy was irresistably charming, Arthur could only think of how to get out of his uncomfortable fix. He suddenly hit upon this plan. He would lose his pocketbook when leaving the box and then Dorothy would come to his rescue.

Time passed quickly. Soon the opera was over and they were leaving the box. As they walked down the aisle an usher called out, "Mr. Bartlett! Oh, Mr. Bartlett!" But Arthur hurried along. However, the honest usher would not be

cheated out of a reward, and caught up to Arthur just as he was about to enter the taxi.

"I believe that usher called to you, Arthur," said Dorothy. Curses! His plan had failed!

"You dropped your pocketbook, sir," said the usher.

"Thank you," said Arthur, and handed him that last fifty cents.

What would he do? What should he do? What could he do? He was doomed!

Oh, the torture and the agony of those moments! If only a tire would blow up, or the engine would go wrong, or they would bump into something. He hoped and prayed that something would happen. But they rode smoothly on. They were nearing the Arcadia. He could see the electric sign in the next block. He imagines her surprise when he cannot pay the taxi bill. He saw himself disgraced at college. He had spoiled his only chance to win the girl he loved. In the awful mental agony of those moments he murmured, "Oh, Fate! Never again will I procrastinate!"

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his head and the lights went out.

* * * *

When he awoke he was in a white room. His head was in bandages and his arm in a cast. A doctor was bending over him.

"What has happened? Where am I?" he gasped.

"You are in the Parisian Hospital," responded the doctor. "The taxi in which you were riding hit a timber in a road being repaired. You lurched forward and hit your head against a bar in the top of the car. The jar also threw you to the left breaking your arm on the door." (I won't tell you how Arthur's arm happened to be between Dorothy and the door.)

The doctor looked across the bed, nodded, smiled, and walked away.

Arthur slowly turned his head.

"Dorothy!"

"I'm not going to the Farewell party, Arthur."

"There isn't going to be any Farewell party for us, dear." (Just then the nurse came in.)

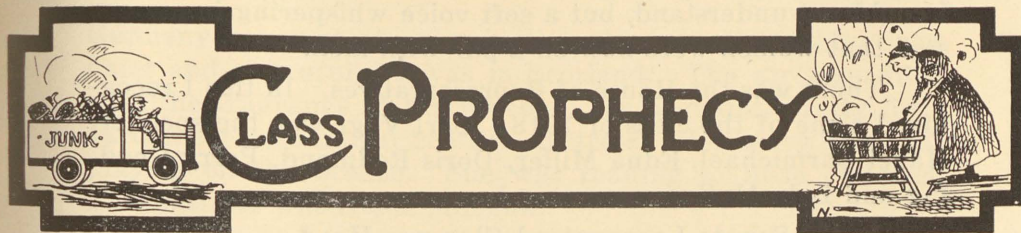
The next day Mr. Bartlett, Sr., Arthur's father, received the following telegram:

"Dear Dad:

I graduate next Monday. Be sure to come and bring mother along. Also bring the thousand dollars you promised me for a graduation present. I need it, for I am to be married soon.

Arthur H. Bartlett.

P. S.—I do not procrastinate any more.



One, two, three, struck the great town clock as a bright light streamed through my window. For a moment I could not see, for the light dazzled me, but when I could look up I found that it was none other than the Lady Moon. She carried a great long wand at the end of which was a bright star. She beckoned for me to come and then she whispered that we were going on a journey together.

Out of the window and away up in the clouds went I with this Lady Moon. Oh! what fun it was to float upon those fleecy clouds. But all at once my lady waved her wand and the star fell.

Oh, behold! It had fallen upon a beautiful building which I did not recognize. My lady looked rather surprised and asked me if I had forgotten dear old Arthur Hill High School. I was as surprised as she, for the old building, or rather the new building, was entirely different. It had been remodeled and, to my joy, a gymnasium had been added.

The lady told me to touch her wand. I did and found myself within this building. In a large office I saw two desks. At one, seated in a large easy chair, was the principal. He was a gray-haired gentleman, but I soon recognized him as Mr. Lange. At the other, sat a lady whom I knew as Marjorie Herrig, for she had not lost all of her youthful beauty. On her desk were many papers and, of course, there was a typewriter. I decided that she must be Mr. Lange's private secretary.

I went from one room to another. There were my old teachers, Miss Nash, Miss Morgan, Miss Coney, and all the rest. But who were the new ones? Why, there was Ethel Gies, a mathematics teacher; Lucy Loeffler, a biology teacher; and Evelyn Elliot, the new gym teacher.

Back up in the clouds I found myself. My lady told me that we must not linger so long in one place.

The star fell again. This time it was in Washington. The President was delivering a message to congress. To my surprise the President of the United States was Phyllis Stearns.

I could not understand, but a soft voice whispering in my ear said that women were now on a par with men.

There was the House of Representatives. In this I recognized some of the class of 1918. Carl Vogt was the speaker. Hazel Carmichael, Edna Miller, Doris Redmond, Perry Gooding and Lyle McKay were members.

In the Senate I recognized Clarence Hood.

Away we were again. This time we came to a big building in Chicago. In a large room, or rather a laboratory, I saw Professor Strimbeck addressing a large class of men. The soft voice whispered that this man had startled the scientific world by his many discoveries.

We left the city and we sailed a long distance on the clouds before my lady again waved her wand. The star fell and there I saw two beautiful adjacent farms. Two men stood beside the fence. They were talking to each other and from their conversation I learned that they were the owners of the farms. On looking more closely I recognized George Burrows and Dale Law.

Again we were off, and I found myself at a wharf in New York. Here I recognized an old friend of mine who was accompanied by a lady. The couple was Ambassador and Mrs. Case who were ready to embark for Japan. Strange to say, Mrs. Case happened to be Ruth Reins, whom I had known as a Sophomore.

My lady pushed me from the wharf. Alas! I was drowning. Down, down into the salty ocean water I went. Now and then, I had to dodge a shark or some other big sea monster. With a crash I landed on some peculiar object. My cold heart began to beat like a drum. Now I could see that this object rested on the ocean bottom. I could see two divers moving about a mass of wreckage. They were filling bags with gold, silver, and other valuables. They moved back to the object on which I was sitting. They entered and brought me with them. They removed their metal helmets and, to my surprise, I beheld Beecher Smith and Arthur Rice. They told me of their peculiar plundering expeditions under the sea. They had invented a submarine to go to the bottom of the ocean. They were making America rich on what Germany might think her own booty.

This submarine had taken me across the ocean. I now found myself in Europe. Of course, the war was over and

Germany was not the dominating power. Everything was quiet and peaceful. I was in Scotland. The air was filled with the fragrance of the bluebell. In a quaint, pretty little garden sat a beautiful Scottish mistress. Her wavy hair was playing on the breeze. She was reading to little children. This mistress was Helen McPeak.

The Lady Moon did not leave me in one place very long. I found myself in England. The Lady Somerset was giving an evening party in the mansion of her lord. The Lady was Fay Kempster.

I met other acquaintances in England. In a quiet, peaceful little parish I saw Rev. Kennedy enjoying the evening with his sweet little wife, whom I recognized as Ernestine Boles.

Peacefulness and quietness were not suitable for the gay young people I next met. They were Nina LaFlair and Anne Roby. I was back in London at a football game. I soon learned what the great attraction was for George Schemm and Lisle McKay were the star players on the opposing teams.

That was enough for England. I was now in France. One peculiar thing which drew my attention was that the people traveled in aeroplanes instead of automobiles. I soon learned that a young American had perfected the machine so that it was now safe to travel in. I saw this American training a class of aviators. He was Hughferd Giesel.

Now I went to Paris. I heard that the renowned American actress, Mrs. Harold Brogan, was to make her first appearance at the Comedie Francaise. I was interested and went to the theater. The curtain was drawn and behold a beautiful woman stepped forth. I recognized her as Tena Lorenzen.

The scene changed, and I was at a ballroom in Paris. Two graceful women were instructing a dancing class. They were graduates of Arthur Hill High School and had been in the class of 1918. They were the pretty Misses Smith and Needham.

The Moon waved her wand and we were in Switzerland. On the quiet mountain slope sweet music could be heard. Two people were softly singing as they walked down a winding path. I followed them until they came to a pretty little farm house. I decided that Hazel Carmichael and Harry Houck had retired from public life for they were enjoying life on the slopes of a Switzerland mountain.

We then were in Venice, Italy. A gondola was floating on the calm lagoon. A light reflected upon the faces of its

occupants. They were Sarah Garner, Esther Gelow and Helen Schumacker. Their merry voices soon reached my ear and told me that they were making a tour of Europe and that they had stopped at Venice for a few days.

Before I could realize the beauty of Venice, I found myself many, many miles away; I was in western United States. Here I found an old friend of mine. Soft voices rose from every plant, tree, animal, and human being telling me that America might well feel proud to have such a person as this friend of mine. The world was made happier by her existence, for Josephine Franc had become a nun and was doing a wonderful work of love and mercy.

Then we went to Chicago. In a large opera house, Saginaw's young musician was making her debut. The musician was Jennie Dembinski.

The Moon waved her wand. We were still in Chicago. I saw two people standing on a corner. I recognized one as a member of the class of 1918. He wore a uniform and, by the buckle at his side I recognized him as a military officer. This person was Christie Kumbier.

Music sounded. The band was playing and a procession was marching up the street. At the head of the procession I recognized an old acquaintance. Alfred Richter, the Governor of Illinois, was leading a band of suffragettes.

Another hurried movement of the wand, and I was down in New Orleans. A man walking up and down a long wharf giving directions to boatmen. This man, who was Langdon Houvenor, was apparently in the shipping industry.

Louisiana was our next stopping place. Here I saw Clarence Graebner, the master of a large plantation.

On we went to Texas. We stopped at a ranch where the owner was directing cowboys. The owner was David Stickney. His wife who was standing near by I recognized as Edna Wartenburg.

Back up to a little country town in Georgia we went. A circus was in town. I walked from tent to tent until my Lady waved her wand and the star fell on a large tent. A sign above the opening showed that belonged to the manager. On looking in, I saw John Gillen, Perry Gooding and John Trier. I was rather amused to know that our class of 1918 had even produced circus managers.

Soon we were flying over Detroit. Looking down I saw a young couple entering a beautiful mansion. On observing closer I saw that it was Mrs. Ritchie, nee Helen Peckover, with her husband, who was president of the first and oldest National Bank of Detroit.

Now we were at a hospital in New York. The head nurse had a great scar upon her arm. Someone said that she had received a wound while serving as a Red Cross nurse in France. This nurse was Irma Johnson.

In an office in New York I saw a familiar person. She was busy working at a large table which was filled with books and papers. This was Ethel Richter, the novelist and literary critic.

We were still in New York. In the office of a lawyer Esther Russell was busy typewriting a business letter which was addressed to Oscar Olsen. I was rather curious, and on reading the letter I found that Oscar was a wealthy southern farmer.

We now went to Philadelphia. Here Julia Nelson, a sweet, saintly woman, was matron of a children's home.

We did not leave Philadelphia, however, until we had visited the home of Dr. Richard Lange. He was seated before a large fireplace chatting with his wife. Why! I could not believe my eyes! His wife was Alberta Swan.

We flew across the States to San Francisco. In a large window I saw an advertising sign headed, Lawyer. I read it, and found that Charles Martzowka was a popular young lawyer.

Oh, the air was delightful! We stood before a beautiful summer home at the foot of the Rockies. A piano was playing and young people were singing. One by one I recognized the voices of my old class mates. First I heard the sweet voice of Katherine Schoberth; then the merry voice of Grace Enzer; and last the dainty voice of Helene Goodrow. These young people were evidently enjoying the summer months.

We were now at the World's Fair. The only American aviatrix was to make a flight. She stepped into her aeroplane and the mystery was revealed. She was Jessie Trim.

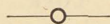
Lady Moon told me that we had still a few more places to stop when she waved her wand again. This time we were at the Ford factory, in Detroit. Automobiles by the thousands were being made. Everything was moving with the world. This was due to the reason that Anton Sparks was the successor of Henry Ford.

We were back in Michigan. Vassar was our stopping place. In a little church before a large congregation Reverend Bauer was delivering a sermon. Fine! I was satisfied the class of 1918 had produced two holy men, Reverends Kennedy and Bauer.

The light was fading slowly. Yet in the distance I could see a tall, slim old maid coming toward me. She carried a dog, cat, bird and chicken under her arm, and she wore spectacles upon her nose. I did not know her, but the pleasant Lady Moon introduced me to my future self. Alas! I was bewildered and I even forgot to thank the Lady Moon for her kindness.

A new light was streaming through my window. It was the shining sun.

ELLA EDWARDS.



It Would Not Pay To Advertise

An old negro approached a white man in a Southern town and asked: "Marse Tom, you ain't seed anything of dat ole mule of mine, is you?"

"Why no, Henry, I haven't seen that mule. Have you lost it?"

"Well, Ah doan know ef Ah've lost him or not, but he is shore 'neff gone."

"Henry, I suspect the best way you can find that mule would be to put a want ad in the paper for him."

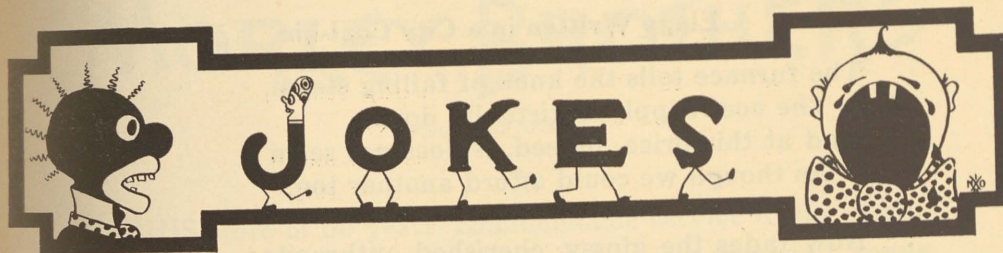
"Shucks! Dat wouldn't do no good, Marse Tom."

"Why not?"

"Why, Marse Tom, you all know puffickly well dat dat mule cain't read."

Fordney Hotel Cafe

*Is the place to eat.
Also all kinds of
temperance drinks
served*



One Who Practiced

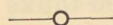
A little girl was sent in a hurry for the doctor the other day, and when she reached the steps of the physician's office she found there a doctor of divinity, the pastor of the church which she attended.

"Well, my little girl," said the minister, who recognized the child, "what's the matter? Nothing serious, I hope."

"I don't know for sure," said the little girl. "Only we can't find one of father's golf balls, high or low, and we think perhaps the baby swallowed it."

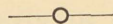
"Dear me!" exclaimed the reverend gentleman, much amused. "And do you want the doctor. Won't I do?"

"No," she said at last. "We want a doctor that practices, not one that preaches."



"What is space?" asked the teacher.

The trembling Freshie said, "I cannot think of it right now, but I have it in my head."



A Winter Version

Mary had a little cold;
It started in her head;
And everywhere that Mary went
That cold was sure to spread.

It followed her to school one day;
'Twas not against the rule.
It made the children cough and sneeze
To have that cold in school.

The teacher tried to drive it out,
She tried hard, but — kachoo!
It didn't do a bit of good,
The teacher caught it too!

Elegy Written in a City Coal-bin

The furnace tolls the knell of failing steam,
The coal supply is virtually done,
And at this price, indeed, it does not seem
As though we could afford another ton.

Now fades the glossy, cherished anthracite;
The radiators lose their temperature;
How ill avail, on such a frosty night,
The "short and simple flannels of the poor."

Though in the ice box, fresh and newly laid,
The rude forefathers of the omelet sleep,
No eggs for breakfast till the bill is paid;
We cannot cook again till coal is cheap.

Can Morris-chair or papier-mache bust
Revivify the falling pressure-gauge
Chop up the piano if you must,
And burn that ancient parrot-cage!

Full many a can of purest kerosene
The dark, unfathomed tanks of Standard Oil
Shall furnish me, and with their aid I mean
To bring my morning coffee to a boil.

—Jessie Trim.

—○—

Exactly the Same

Simpson joined the army and learned to drill. One day he took part in a sham battle. He heard the general say before the battle started: "Everything is to be done the same as in actual warfare;" and no sooner was the first blank cartridge fired than Simpson dropped his gun and took to his heels.

"Hey, Simpson, where are you running to, there?" the general shouted as the recruit dashed by him.

"Why, sir," said Simpson, "I'm doing the same as I would do in actual warfare."

—○—

The young man led for a heart,
The maid for a diamond played;
The old man came down with a club,
And the sexton used a spade.

MORLEY BROTHERS

Founded 1863

THIS store of 55 years' commendable service to the public is particularly a store for the young men and young women who are making possible by their association, energy and ability this issue of their class book—including as well all high school members who contribute to the school life by their membership alone.

A STORE of today that with satisfaction has filled the requirements of one's grandparents and parents becomes more than a mere merchandising store. It is in fact an institution whose growth and stability is founded on integrity in all its dealings with the public. And our young men and women entering upon a business career will recognize that a lifetime success comes only to those who mix effort and steadfastness of purpose with the Golden Rule.

Graduation Gifts

WE specialize particularly in merchandise of such quality that the recipient is assured of superior intrinsic value which does not in any way detract from the sentiment that prompts the giving.

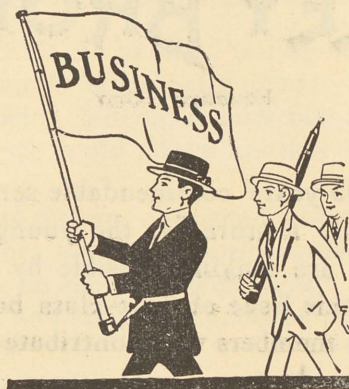
For both young women and young men's gifts we show exceptionally well selected stocks of artistic and practical articles embraced in the lines of Silver, Leather, Art Goods, Toilet Articles, Cutlery, Stationery and Athletic merchandise.

*All articles will be stamped or engraved
with recipient's initials without charge*

We invite the inspection of parents and friends with
no obligation to purchase

Straw Hats—a head ahead in style

Brenner & Brenner



Enlist Under This Flag

Join the New Regiment That is
Now Being Formed

¶ Thousands of young men have left, and many thousands more will leave splendid positions in Business Offices, Stores, Banks, Railroad Offices, etc., to serve under the Stars and Stripes. YOU must prepare to fill their places.

¶ Send for our free catalogue explaining courses in Business, Stenography, Civil Service, Banking and Private Secretary work.

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F. R. ALGER, President

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From Saginaw's Always Busy Store

Buy Thrift Stamps

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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BUILT GARAGES

We have also a complete line of Summer Cottages

Hess and Sheridan Avenues

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN



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LUFKIN

STEEL RULES
WOOD RULES

Styles suited to every kind of work. Each the best of its kind.

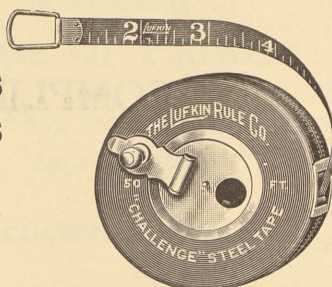
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THE LUFKIN RULE CO.

SAGINAW
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BAUER BROS.

*Hart-Schaffner
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Graduation Suits

Young Men's Furnishings

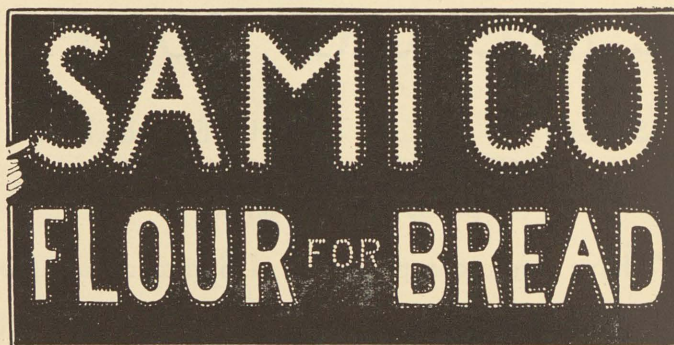
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There's comfort in Rockinchair Underwear

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They are always
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Always the Best
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See them on the Mirror
Screen—they're different

Compliments of
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1200 Court Street

"I threw a kiss at her the other
day."

"What did she say?"

"She said I wasn't much of a
business man if I couldn't establish
a delivery system."

Compliments of

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Henry B. Rice

Herman A. Rice

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Shoes repaired while you wait

New Shoes made for deformed
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Ladies' Desks Player-roll Cabinets Piano Benches
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Wheeler Street, Saginaw, Mich.

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We offer the summer line of
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Mobilized! The choicest offerings of the season

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Is just what you ought to have

Special short term rates from June 1 to Oct. 1

JOIN FOR ONE MONTH OR FOUR MONTHS

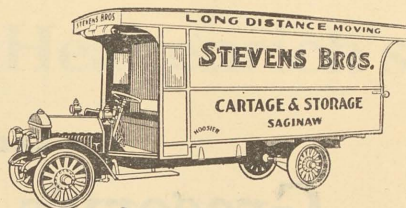
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Moving to all points in Michigan
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LARGE STORAGE WAREHOUSES

Complimentary

Prevent Illness—Drink

St. Louis Mineral Water

Phones 2987

"That burglar insulted me."
"How?"
"He demanded my money or my
life."
"Well?"
"All I had with me was sixty
cents, and he took that in prefer-
ence to my life."

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We fit the personality, person and purse

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Agents for Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

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Famous Shoes for Men

We Fit the Feet

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The Most Complete Floral Establishment in Michigan

East Side Store—Washington at Hayden

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"Who is that girl who passed us?"

"Why, that's Doris. She's Commissioner of Welfare."

"Wonder why she looked at my nose."

"That is part of her job. She's supposed to look after everything that turns up."

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National Engineering Co.

Manufacturers of

Auto Crank Shafts

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After May First

"Miss P.—"What can you loan?"

J. G.—"Water."

Miss P.—"Water?"

J. G.—"Yes'm. that's all we've
got now."

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Try

H. O. WELLS

The Square Deal Jeweler

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The kind of Clothes gentlemen wear

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Compliments of
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*Hard and Soft Coal, Pocahontas, Coke, Hard
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Special shape Neckties at 75 cents

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Shoes and Shoe
Repairing

Two Shops: 420 Hancock Street
1422 S. Michigan Avenue

Compliments of

E. P. ROESER

414 Court Street

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God made man—and rested;
Then God made woman.
Since then neither God nor man has rested.

Smart Caps for out-door chaps

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"Saginaw's
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Largest Stocks and
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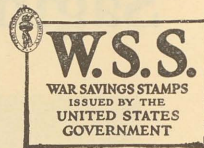
If there should be another flood,
Hither for refuge fly;
If all this world should be sub-
merged,
These jokes would still be dry.



Ask Three Men—

As business friends we suggest that you ask three men—one of your teachers, your father, and some other business man in whom you have confidence—what real thrift would mean to young people—the kind of thrift that would make a boy or girl say “*I’ll buy a Thrift Stamp with that quarter instead of spending it.*”

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4% Interest Paid
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Resources over \$2,300,000.00

“She is a corker.”
“Who is?”
“Why, that girl that works
at the bottle factory.”

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Music House

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Pianos, Player Pianos, Talking
Machines, Sheet Music

When you want tailored Underwear, say Carter’s

Brenner & Brenner

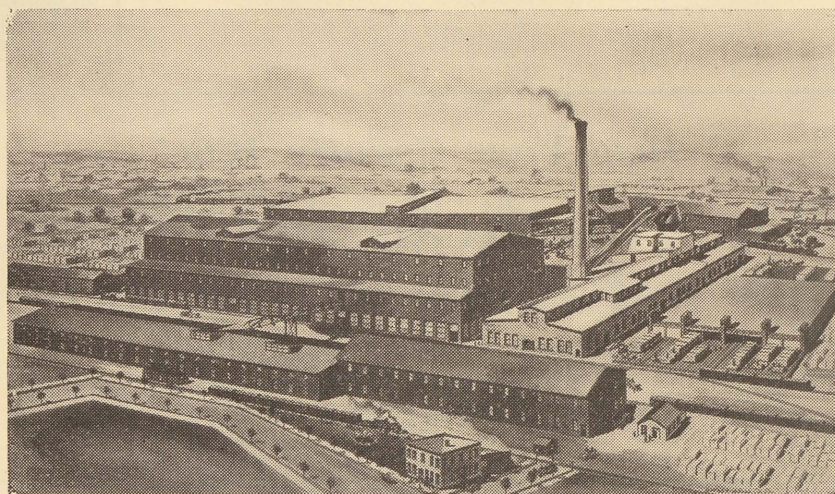
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Quality of product, service at all times, and moderate prices
are the fundamentals upon which this store has
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Wiechmann's

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Saginaw Manufacturing Co.



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Two—"Preparing for a review, of course."

—○—

He—"Why are all the girls wearing frocks today?"

She—"It's a waistless day, silly."

Something to keep boys in nights, Carlsbad Pajunions Brenner & Brenner

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A Complete Line of Good Home Furnishings from

The Feige Store

Henry Feige

Frederick W. Klein

Saginaw, Mich.

H. B. Schneermann
& Co.

Only the newest in ready
for service garments

302 Genesee Saginaw, Mich.

Teacher—"The three boys in
the rear were the only ones to
answer the third question of the
exam. correctly."

Voice from front—"Good team
work, fellows."

Waist material: Live Leather Belts

Brenner & Brenner

Saginaw Plate Glass Co.

Manufacturers of

Plate Glass



SAGINAW, W. S., MICHIGAN

Compliments of

Brand & Hardin

"I thought the army was supposed to be dry?"

"It is."

"Well, why do they continue those 'setting up' exercises I read about?"

H. S. Siebel

Jeweler

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....The....

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EAST SIDE OFFICE
310-312 GENESEE AVENUE

represents over forty (40) years
of safe and conservative banking

It has a paid up capital of **\$500,000**, a surplus fund of **\$700,000**, and an additional fund of over **\$200,000**.

It has over one million dollars (\$1,000,000) in actual gold, paper money and silver stored in its own vaults and in the vaults of other banks, as a reserve fund for the protection of its depositors.

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Its Officers and Directors are among the most conservative, strong and successful business men in the city, same being as follows:



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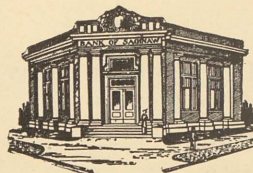
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